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greatest assortment
l and Winter Cloth-
Atlanta has ever known.
ress a man from head
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everything to com-
the male wardrobe,
s for your Fall outfit,
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ready. . . .

Sch Bros
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ESGrist Mills, Cot-
Quarries, Cotton
c.
Sheet Metal for

Dealers.

SUPPLY CO.
Atlanta, Ga.
South Broad St
Supply on premisesY SCHEDULES.
Departure of All Trains
City—Standard Time.
Southern Railway.

DEPARTURE TO
10 am. 10 Birmingham
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11 am. 115 Greenville
11 am. 114 Macon
8:30 pm. 112 Richmond
10 am. 125 Macon
11 am. 120 Macon
11 am. 121 Birmingham
11 am. 120 Fort Valley
11 am. 123 Columbus
8:30 pm. 128 Tallapoosa
11 am. 124 Atlanta
8:30 pm. 125 Chattanooga
10 am. 126 Washington

Georgia Railway.

DEPARTURE TO
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and Atlantic Railroad.

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8:30 am. 12 Nashville
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11 am. 121 Rome
11 am. 122 Atlanta
10 pm. 123 Newnan
10 pm. 124 Hazelville

West Point Railroad.

DEPARTURE TO
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Air-Line.

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MAUDE ANDREWS WRITES OF THE LONDON SUCCESS OF ETHEL BARRYMORE.

She Believes That There Has Been Too Much Said and Written About Miss Barrymore in the New York Papers, and Treats of Their Articles in Lively Style.

Washington, September 17.—(Special Correspondence)—The "great dailies" have had much to say recently about old Mrs. John Drew, and very properly, for she has for years been recognized as the greatest old actress in the country. Many appropriate things have been said about the old lady's art and her personality. All of this has served to make prominent the voluminous illustrated swindle in the New York Journal, or "World." I've forgotten which, relating to pestering Ethel Barrymore's social success in London, a sloping over tiresome, tommy-rot barranguous (excuse all this language, but it goes with my theme), to the marvelous achievement on Miss Barrymore's part of getting herself talked to by the young duke of York at a garden party.

Why such silly elation over the fact of a young American woman's commanding the attention of royalty, I scarcely know. Why, one might make a list to stretch across the Atlantic of the names of actresses, American, English and all other nations, who had been talked to more than five minutes by the duke of York's fat father at garden parties or otherwheres. Besides, it is nothing wonderful in London town for beautiful actresses to attend the garden parties of the high and mighty aristocracy.

I believe the paper stated that Miss Barrymore, was the only young actress present at this particular garden party; but there are plenty of middle-aged actresses who have neither the virtues or the beauty of this young American who may go to any London garden party please, because they are great artists, and the English people think first of that. Certainly the son of the prince of Wales should not be too particular about actresses or anything else.

I don't mean to say one word about this sweet Miss Barrymore. She simply fell into bad hands on that page and was mutilated and mangled in a way as wretchedly as though she were showing a face for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar railroad accident.

Not only was her art and her beauty lowered by being laid like a spaniel at the heels of an insignificant young prince, but her geography was as mixed as the metaphysics of the writer. One moment she was John Drew's sister and the next his aunt and I believe she ended by being his grandmother or his great aunt at least. The respectability of the Drew family was dwelt upon at large and Georgia Drew Barrymore was, I believe, vaguely mentioned as the sister of her own daughter. No word was there, however, concerning the father of our pretty American who had invaded the sacred precincts of an English garden party—a rather peculiar oversight. Seeing that this father's family is one whose position would have admitted the girl into English society, even without the respectability of the Drews. Maurice Barrymore is the son of an English dean, and while he is a bohemian of the bohemians, he is as blue-blooded as far as that goes as the little duke of York himself. His family have been genteel folks in England as far as history runneth back, which is far enough to make a Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Revolution green with envy.

As for Ethel Barrymore's mother, she was an independent aristocrat that the Drew respectability could neither influence or conventionalize. She too, was of bohemia. She had no yearning for the tea of Mrs. Van Tassel, nor the usages of society commanded by Mrs. Mero Sherwood. She was a law unto herself—w, a gentle, little soubrette who knew her to the most notorious comic opera queen who changes her husbands as she does her fashion in bonnets. Georgia Drew never thought whether she was respectable or not, and I am told by those who knew her, made high sport now and then of her family's sins and pretensions in a social way. She had a keen wit, tempered by a great big heart, and if her girl is like her, she is prouder of being the daughter of such a mother than she is of the admiration of the son of the prince of Wales. Of all the people among the gods and little fishes who must have laughed loudest and longest at this blowing of trumpets, Ma-

rice Barrymore must have been the merriest. He is awfully proud of this young daughter of his, I know, because she is beautiful and good and gifted and because, too, she looks something like the mother, whom he admired and loved, but I don't think this garden party business could have impressed a man deeply who had voluntarily resigned garden parties in the height of his handsome young manhood for bohemia and the green room.

We really do get sick of this snobbish little in our "great" dailies routines.

A young woman who lived with her brother seven years at a German city

was reading of a case like mine

cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a man all together." J. P. MOORE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

After Kipling's Vampire.

A woman there was—How I caught your ear! (Even as some do still.)

Who fell at the feet of a King of beer! (We call him the Master, the Man, the Peer.)

But the woman, she called him her "dearest dear." (Even as some do still.)

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—ELIZABETH GRAVES NEEL.

and the demodules Angèle, of whom one married Ney. But even in those happy days, before Napoleon was given over body and soul to glorification and ostentation, there was a canker in the bone. He had already a thin skin, whenever he was to appear at his country seat, Josephine took care to hedge him with arms, spires and servants all the way from Paris. It was said that there was a conspiracy on foot among the tapers and villagers, and the men the hagshad side of the house or hill, smoke the watch the women at work and say nothing. They are silent and distrustful people. The government furnished them with a schoolmaster and a preacher, but still influence they have to win the Indian from his contempt of labor, his pipe and his taciturnity. The one thing taught him by the white man for which he has a liking is a keen relish for strong drink, when in his cups he is said to be an ugly creature. In the hills however, the Shiminecooks are a silent and peaceful people, gradually fading off the face of the earth.

And yet life among them has not been without its strange, mysterious tragedies. At the close of a summer day seven old years ago a small sloop coming from the northward anchor'd near the shore of Peconic bay. The only persons on the sloop who could be seen were men fishing close at hand were a white man and a negro. After darkness had settled upon the sloop a red flickered from the cabin window, and a voice, that of a woman, was raised in mystery song. In the early morning hours the woman was heard in the direction of the boat and a woman's voice floated out over the water. Then the listeners on shore heard the sound of another. A little later in the early morning light the sloop was seen speeding out to sea. Just before it disappeared a man standing in the stern shot something overboard. Among the wreckage on shore was a Turnbill, an Indian known as the Water Serpent. After a time Turnbill swam out to the little object. As he drew nearer he saw it was the body of a woman lying face downward. When turned the body over he recognized the face at a glance. The woman's throat had been cut and a dagger thrust into her heart. The Indian drew the woman's rings from her fingers, the dagger from her heart. Then he conveyed the body to the beach, laid it aside by his companions, buried it near the head of Peconic bay.

The day following the woman's burial the Seminole disappeared. He was absent for several weeks, and when he came back to Maimaison in the Shiminecook the facade is the envy and admiration of all her friends. There is, usually, at these coffee and cake feasts at least one of these fortune-telling individuals, around whom all the non-engaged maidens hover, discussing with her eagerness and envy her trousseau, the plans for her wedding and her dower, in the shape of household linen and other domestic furnishing that all German girls must have in order to get married at all.

Moreover, she says that German matrons are, as a rule, dull, heavy, gossipy and tiresome, and German girls think alone of one thing in life—this is to get married.

It is the outgrowth and aim of existence. An engaged girl is the envy and admiration of all her friends. There is, usually, at these coffee and cake feasts at least one of these fortune-telling individuals, around whom all the non-engaged maidens hover, discussing with her eagerness and envy her trousseau, the plans for her wedding and her dower, in the shape of household linen and other domestic furnishing that all German girls must have in order to get married at all.

To an American girl, no matter how thoroughly feminine she is and how warmly of accord she may be to her, extremely advanced type of countrywoman, this twaddle, revolting on the axis of a wedding ceremony, must be monotonously tiresome. Everybody loves her from the lowest little soubrette who knew her up to the most notorious comic opera queen who changes her husbands as she does her fashion in bonnets. Georgia Drew never thought whether she was respectable or not, and I am told by those who knew her, made high sport now and then of her family's sins and pretensions in a social way.

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He always expect the ladies they escort to feed themselves from their own pockets.

The census to this young lady's brother, seems to like the Germans better than his sister, but, perhaps that is because he saw the bohemian side of life there, and the genuine bohemian side is always delightful in every country. This side he declares is the only one worth knowing in Germany, and it is filled with delightful people, poets, artists, musicians, and especially, as everyone knows, are musicians honored and beloved. There is no social height to which a great musician in Germany is not welcomed, and, indeed, all gifts are honored and made much of.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

Oh, How Thankful

Pain Was Madding and Hope Had Been Abandoned—Wonderful Results of Purifying the Blood.

"A very severe pain came in my left knee, which grew worse and worse, and finally a sore broke out above the knee. It discharged a great deal and the pain from my thigh down was maddening. Large, hard, purple spots appeared on my legs. I suffered in this way for years, and gave up all hope of ever being cured. My wife was reading of a case like mine cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a man all together." J. P. MOORE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

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RAILWAY SCHEDULES.

Arrival and Departure of All Trains from This City—Standard Time.

Southern Railway.

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Lowest prices for best work.

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121 Auburn avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

and are Headquarters for Buggies,

Fine Wagons made to order.

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China, Crockery, Glassware, Lamp-

Peachtree street.

and for samples and catalogues,

and 91 Whitehall street.

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Have your old furnace re-

new one put in. We can do it.

NG.

Make old clothes good as new.

and 24 Walton street.

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Works, 22 Decatur St., Tel-

lents of Dressing and Cleaning done.

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intended to please. Prices reason-

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29 East Hunter street.

Chas. A. Manston, Manager,

Building.

Bulbs and Plants; flowers shipped

domestic and retail; 10 Marietta St.

Gardens.

Can furnish your home, ready

2 Marietta street.

Furniture, Baby Carriage

free.

Shades, Baby Carriages, Bicycles,

etc.

LUCILE DANIEL.

L. J. Van Ness will preach at the

2nd avenue Baptist church this morning

at 11 a.m. and 5 o'clock.

The evening service will be

conducted by Rev. E. H. Pendleton.

At the First Methodist church Rev.

Crumley will preach today at the

service. Rev. J. W. Roberts will

tonight.

W. F. Cook will preach at Merritts

church this morning.

D. W. Heidt will fill the pulpit at

church this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

says:

"This Boston effort, Mr. Mills will

undoubtedly be the first of many

regards whatever reference to theological

questions he may make. In theology he will

be in perfect accord with the Unitarian

doctrines he has lately endorsed and accepted.

We look for wonderful results from Mr. Mills's new profession and work in Boston."

The Boston conference at Saratoga is

sure to be well attended, so great is the

interest which Mr. Mills will say.

Presbyterians are pained at this stand

taken by Mr. Mills, not that they fear

for Presbyterians or greatly regret the

defection of one man, but because the

great evangelist has long stood high in

in their estimation.

—

At 4 p.m. the railroad department

Men's Christian Association will

be at the last meeting at the old East Ten-

passenger station, on Mitchell

avenue and Pryor street, and this

Dr. Hopkins's many friends on the

side of opportunity of hearing him in

C. H. Carson, pastor of Nellie Dodd

Methodist church, will preach at St. John's

Methodist church, will preach at St. John's

Methodist church, will preach at the

old East Ten-passenger station, on Mitchell

avenue and Pryor street. The furniture used there will be

used at the Alabama street rooms for

carrying up the fall work. Rev. A. F. El-

ler, an earnest and effective speaker, will address the meeting. All are cordially

invited.

—

Young men of the city, and especially

members of the Young Men's Christian Asso-

ciation, are to be present at the

Young Men's Christian Association hall

afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and attend

THE PAULIST FATHERS

AND THEIR HISTORY.

The Paulist Fathers, a new superior gen-

eral of which has just been elected, is

purely an American order, members of

whom are Americans, and the government

of which is not from Rome but from New

York. Every superior general it has ever

had has been a convert from Protestantism,

They got as far as Skagway and found

SUNDAY SONGS AND SERMONS
IN ATLANTA'S TEMPLES OF GODInteresting Services of Praise and Prayer are An-
nounced by the City Ministers and the Sunday
School Superintendents Today, To Which the
Public is Cordially Invited.

The Storm.

The rolling noise in the distance was
heard, 'twixt clouds threatened man,
beast and bird;
the sun's face was hidden, and shadow
feast;
the mountains, and vales, far
and near.The nearer the thunder came, louder the
roar;
the peal, was sent back from the vale,
o'er and o'er.
the lightning lent light to the landscape
around;

while the flashes, so gresome the

then, in its climax, the fierce storm
burst forth;the wild winds their fury brought down
from the north,the rain in torrents, the quick light-
ning flash,thunder pealed fiercely with crash
upon crash.and thus howled the winds, raged the
storm, at its height,the earth shook in terror, appalled by its
height;and then came the final crash, fiercest
of all.seen that, in twain, it would rend
mountains tall.hushed are the thunder peals, howling
winds cease.then comes the voice of old, "Peace,
be still—Peace."the clouds—those dark mantels of shadow
roll away,bright o'er the scene, shines the great
King of Day.

—

the special young man's service to be ad-
dressed by Mr. T. C. Cleveland, the talent-
ed young student for the ministry, who is
returning to the theological seminary at
Louisville, Ky. During the summer he has
been filling the pulpit of one of the largest
churches in St. Louis, and has been very
successful in his ministry there. He is the
son of Dr. T. P. Cleveland, and was formerly
the popular assistant secretary of the
Young Men's Christian Association of this
city. The subject of the address will be:
"The Young Men." Mr. Cleveland is a very
able and attractive speaker, and his ad-
dress on this subject should be heard by
every young man in the city. The exercises
will be interspersed with good music.The first structure will be the main col-
lge building. It will be pure gothic in
style, three stories in height, and of cream
colored brick.It will have accommodations for 100
men to be used in the lecture rooms and
class rooms.The first structure will be the main col-
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**Tennessee
Centennial at
Nashville.**

The Tennessee Centennial and International exposition is a national event of international importance to which the whole world is cordially invited. It is designed to demonstrate the matchless resources of Tennessee and to lead to their greater development.

Exposition Park.

The site of the exposition could not have been more fortunate. It is situated a little more than a mile from the city square, and directly north of Vanderbilt university. It commands a beautiful view of the city of Nashville, and is surrounded by numerous streets and about the city. It is dotted over with shade trees, with a luxuriant growth of evergreens, plants, vines and blooming flowers. Artistically terraced and divided by delicate drives and walks and charming paths, set among trees, attractive and enchanting by the erection of buildings which represent art and history, science and industry in all their grandeur. It now becomes a little city that nestles languidly and happily amid the hills—a very paradise, to which all the world is invited to come and enjoy all the peaceful quietude while drinking at the fountain of knowledge within its portals. It is a place where the world may be won over by the emblems of peace, the perfection of art, the progress of science, the evidences of prosperity, and at the same time enjoy genuine southern hospitality at its best.

The Parthenon.

In the center of the park and on an elevated terrace is the Parthenon or Fine Arts building. As the Parthenon, designed under the direction of the architect, is to the time of Pericles, at Athens, was the chief glory of all architecture, so the Parthenon is the chief glory of the Tennessee exposition. It is the pride and chief glory of the centennial group. As it is to contain invaluable works of art, it will be draped with a foundation, concrete floor, brick walls and glass roof in steel frame, the exterior being ornamented with a staff of imitation of the original. Its fifty-four columns, and every detail possible, are true to the original in design and coloring. It will be lighted from within, opening upon the double column porticos, with no windows, light being obtained through the glass roof and from myriads of incandescent lamps.

Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair is the Midway. The attractions exceed all others ever presented to the public, with possibly the exception of the World's fair.

**THIS GARDEN FENCE
HAS CAUSED A SUIT**

**Mrs. L. N. Cox Brings Salty Charges
Against Mr. E. M. Chapman.**

THEY OWN ADJOINING LOTS

**She Says He Has Taken the Soil Which
Washed from Her Garden.**

DUG A TRENCH UNDER HER FENCE

**Unique Suit Asks for \$1,000 Damages
and the Jury Is Now Hearing
Some Racy Testimony.**

Mrs. L. N. Cox and Mr. E. M. Chapman are neighbors. It can't be said they are neighbors because they are neighborly, but from the fact that they live on lots which adjoin each other. Instead of being neighborly, they are the principals in a suit for damages which is just pending in the court of Judge L. L. Lusk, of Marion, and the facts and allegations developing from the claims of both parties are interesting, if not entirely original and unique.

Several years ago, Mrs. Cox and Mr. Chapman entered into a joint fence between their lots. The fence was built half upon her property and half upon his. She says that as her lot was higher than that of her neighbor's the planks were nailed upon the railings from her side of the fence. This was partly necessary, she says, from the fact that the water from the top of her property down upon the fence and the fence was all that kept her land from washing away. Some time ago Mrs. Cox filed a damage suit against Mr. Chapman charging that he had dug a trench under her fence, and that he was taking away the rich soil that was washed from her garden, which she had built the fence so that it would not wash away.

The suit is now before the court, and the testimony of Mrs. Cox will be exceedingly interesting. It is said that she placed upon the witness stand, Mrs. L. N. Cox, represented by her attorney, Col. W. R. Ray, and she claims that she has been damaged in the sum of \$1,000. Mrs. Cox charges that Mr. Chapman has been in the habit of clearing out the trench every time it rains, and that this has damaged her a large amount of her rich soil to which she says, he is not entitled. She sue to recover the value of this soil and also for punitive damages.

In paragraph 10 of her petition Mrs. Cox charges as follows:

"You will further show that in cutting said trench upon your petitioner's land and up to and beyond the bottom plank of said fence it was for the purpose of said E. M. Chapman to cause the soil which had been and should be washed from your petitioner's lot against her fence, to be washed away and carried down into and into said trench upon his own land."

The petition is couched in redhot language, and Mrs. Cox declares that the conduct of her neighbor is abominable. She says that every rain carries away large amounts of her soil, which Mr. Chapman immediately seizes and throws upon his garden. The case will be continued Monday, and a verdict will probably be reached Tuesday afternoon.

WHAT THE NEGRO IS DOING.

Matters of Interest Among the Colored People.

The second anniversary of Rev. B. T. Harvey as pastor of Antioch Baptist church will begin this morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. W. L. Jones, pastor of Beulah Baptist church, will preach the anniversary sermon.

This afternoon the Sunday school will have appropriate exercises. At 8 o'clock tonight, the 20th instant, at the pastor's request, the first anniversary program will be carried out. The public is invited to be present at each service during the day and also to the reception on tomorrow night.

The American Association of Colored Physicians, of which Dr. R. F. Boyd, of Nashville, Tenn., is president, meets in Nashville October 15th and 16th, and every member of the association and by the colored physicians, to make the colored physicians a part of the Tennessee Centennial exposition. The association was formed at Atlanta during the Cotton, Flax and International Exposition, and this is the second biennial session of the organization. Physicians everywhere are greatly interested in making this meeting a success, and in view of the youth of the organization and the importance starting off with a fine meeting.

The best and most interesting among the negroes have responded to the request for papers in a manner that shows

\$3.75
TO NASHVILLE AND RETURN
FROM
ATLANTA, ROME, DALTON AND ALL STATIONS

This rate includes admission coupon into the Exposition and transportation,
Union Depot to Exposition Grounds and return

**PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSION via WESTERN AND ATLANTIC R. R.
and NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA AND ST. LOUIS RY.**

If you desire to visit the Great Exposition, this opportunity should not be missed. The Exposition is fine, the weather is delightful, and the trip is one you will enjoy. Our representative, who will be in charge of the party, will see that everything possible is done for your pleasure and comfort.

Tickets to be sold September 20th, 1897, for both morning and evening trains, good returning until September 25th, 1897. For further particulars apply to

**CHAS. E. HARMAN,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.**

Atlanta, Ga.

**C. B. WALKER,
Ticket Agent, Union Depot or No. 8 Kimball House**

Railway Exhibits

This building, which is in the Renaissance style of architecture, is situated between the Agriculture and Transportation buildings. The location is in every way admirable, but it is peculiarly fortunate on account of its proximity to the top of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway. It is the terminal station for the state railroads, and is the point of connection with the great southern railroads, and contains the exhibits made by several great southern railways. It is one hundred and four square feet in area, and is occupied by the Plan of railroads of the Georgia Railroad Company and the Southern Railway Company, and the upper floor by the St. Louis Railway Company.

The exhibit of the Georgia Railroad Company is on the eastern side, and the Southern Railway Company occupies respectively the eastern and western sections of the same floor. Each of these great companies exhibits the products in their crude state from every county through which they pass. In short, they present their respective railroads and their future development, interesting data relative to the country they traverse, or which is tributary to their respective lines.

The exhibits of the Georgia Railroad Company illustrate the evolution of the railroad and telegraph systems of the country, their progress and development, the introduction of the telegraph and from the firing of the first locomotive up to the present time. This building presents every evidence of great convenience. Ticket offices and turnstiles are conveniently and admirably located. A music stand has been placed in one of the corners, and the piano is 5 cents each way to and from Nashville. In addition to the steam railroads, four electric railroads will be exhibited, and incoming and outgoing trains will witness the interesting spectacle of the passing crowd. It is a model of convenience, clean and well-arranged, on the whole, in keeping with its beautiful and artistic surroundings.

Accommodations are so ample and track facilities so admirable that crowds visiting the exposition can be handled without difficulty. The fare is 5 cents each way to and from Nashville.

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Buildings. . . .

COMMERCIAL BUILDING, 500x350 feet with wings 150 feet wide.
AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, 150x350 feet.
MANUFACTURING BUILDING, 350x150 feet.
TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, 400x120 feet.
MINERAL AND FORESTRY BUILDING, 500x250 feet.
AUDITORIUM, seating capacity 8,000.
CHILDREN'S BUILDING.
U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
NEGRO BUILDING.
HISTORY BUILDING.
EDUCATIONAL BUILDING.

LUMBER DON'T BUY TILL YOU
GET OUR PRICES. **LUMBER**

SOUTH GEORGIA LUMBER CO., 62 W. Hunter St.
'Phone 523.

Important....
Announcement

Yellow Fever Refugees

And all other people who are afraid of yellow fever, should be on their guard!

"ANTOLINE" is a superb building-up tonic and the only yellow fever preventative. It antidotes malaria, prevents chills and fevers, increases the appetite, builds up the vital forces and neutralizes infection. It is harmless if given to children. Price per box. 250

The many friends of Miss Nannie White will be grieved to learn that she died on Wednesday night, after a severe illness. She was a graduate of the Normal School of the State of Georgia and an untiring church worker. We often heard her voice in the choir at Big Bethel Church. We have lost, but we have gained. We will meet her again.

H. R. BUTLER.

Has Located in Florida.

Hon. E. M. Hammond, who has recently spent several months with friends and relatives in Europe, has located in Florida and permanently located at Bartow. He has formed a law partnership with Hon. J. W. Brady. Colonel Hammond is a former member of the House of Representatives of this city, and is well known both in Georgia and Florida. He has served several terms in the Florida legislature, has offered a couple of nominations to the congress and has only a few votes going to the United

Today, at 11 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Sigmund Ragoowsky will deliver his famous sermon "The Unity of the Races" at Loyd Street Methodist Episcopal church. The public is invited to come out and hear this great man.

Messrs. C. C. Cater and Moses Amos will leave tomorrow for Nashville, Tenn., to visit the exposition.

Mrs. Robert Ferrell and some other members of the railroad staff serve on the Nashville and Atlanta, was in the city this week. His many friends will be glad to know that he is in excellent health again.

Messrs. C. C. Cater and Moses Amos will leave tomorrow for Nashville, Tenn., to visit the exposition.

At the First Congregational church this evening, Rev. Dr. Ferrell will continue his series of sermons on the deeper life, taking for his theme "The Holy Spirit." Tonight he will preach on the subject "Shall We Go to Africa, or Stay Here?" A cordial invitation is extended to all. Excellent music.

Mrs. Ida L. Murry, of the Albany normal school, Albany, Ga., passed through the city Thursday on her way home to begin her new duties as the wife of her husband, Professor Murry, principal of the school. They are doing a good work.

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SOME INTERESTS OF WOMEN AS VIEWED THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES--A SUNDAY MEDLEY

Miss Doheny Tells of Her Great Work in Establishing
a Y. W. C. A.--The Extravagance of Southern
Women in Dress and Living--The
Social Review.

ISMA DOOLY.

The commendable movement now underway to establish in Atlanta at some time in the near future a home for young working women makes interesting the success of such institutions in larger cities of the north. The Atlanta Woman's Exchange still in the incipiency, has taken the first step in the matter of practically aiding the working woman in the fund they are raising for a home, and every day as practical education becomes more necessary and the increasing population of the city increases in proportion the number of working women, their requirements become more evident, and is a glaring need a home for them.

Of all the institutions in America, established in the interest of working women, none seems to have accomplished more than that of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York city.

The home, a substantial and beautiful structure at No. 7 E. Fifteenth street, New York city, and has recently erected an annex called the Margaret Louisa home, and endowed by Mrs. Elliott Shepard with the generous amount of \$100,000.

Of the many women practically interested in the work, few are capacitated to know more of it from its earliest days to its present prosperity than Miss Ellen Doheny, the chaplain, who has occupied that position of trust since its organization twenty-six years ago. Although a Presbyterian herself, Miss Doheny has adhered to the non-sectarian principles of the institution and conducted all the religious exercises on a basis acceptable to all Christian beliefs. In assisting her, she has had from time to time the most eminent clergymen and leaders from this and foreign countries, and has fulfilled the duties of chaplain with that faith, earnestness and success that make her life's work one beautiful and commendable.

Miss Doheny, with four of her coworkers in the association, spent her summer in a picturesque little cottage adjoining the Homestead, Hot Springs, Va.

Though taking a much needed rest, she conducted an immense correspondence during her vacation, and answered daily reports from the summer school, an institution or branch of the Young Woman's Christian Association, conducted during the summer months. The cottage in which Miss Doheny did her work was a popular resort of interest, and she delighted her acquaintances with her enthusiastic accounts of her work, which began in her young ladyhood, and has continued without interruption for twenty-five years. As might be supposed, Miss Doheny's face, manner and bearing all indicate the woman of high birth and distinction, and she impresses to her converts that interest and magnetic charm that have made her in every sense the ideal chaplain.

Though her conversation treats always of her work, it never grows tiresome, and she makes the subject of the working women a new and important one to the intended women who appreciate the nobility of their sex. Though a woman of the utmost gentleness and refinement of expression, and one whose sympathies inspire her to the utmost delicacy upon every matter pertaining to the lives of women who work, she unflinchingly calls her subjects and protégés "working women," or "working girls." She thinks it unnecessary to modify the term by referring to "professional" women, those in "indispensable" professions, those engaged in "manual labor." "In general reference," she said, "all women who follow out the vocations God has given them are 'working women.' Whether they are men at the law or in medicine, either married or single, or literary or journalistic conquests, whether they perform the duties of housewife, and that of wifehood or motherhood, or whether engaged in actual manual labor, they are all 'working women.' The title is one emblematic and appropriate, and 'business' are but incidental modifications used necessarily in classifications."

Though Miss Doheny in her conversation pertained to the home of which she is the founder, she did not identify herself, and wished to lose her identity as it was in the magnitude of the work accomplished, the strong personality of the woman suggests to her audience the fact that to her may be attributed much of the wonder and success of the association. As chaplain, she has been in the very first dress and continued inspiration of the institution, and has assumed all the responsibilities of the mother head.

She was about eighteen when undertaking the duties, and has since then the prime of her life. She is deeply religious and believes that all character building and education from start to finish must be based upon religious principles, and can only live and prosper under continued religious influence and guidance. Her teacher, the teacher, the preacher or the chaplain must not only observe and live up to this principle, but possess an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and human nature not from general knowledge gleaned from experience, but from personal observation.

The intuitive faculty must be acute, she reasons, and enable the leader of one or many to consider the individuality of each and every one, and not judge any one by another. To others there may be characteristics common to many, but to her, in herself, and must be dealt with and lead on such.

In reference to the great moral responsibility involved in the leadership of young women, she very reasonably said, "I believe the vocation that had been given was God-given, and she had been inspired by Him with that love of her sex that enabled her to fulfill the duties of chaplain. 'I cannot believe,' she said, 'that I would have been placed over these thousands of

young women who come yearly under my protection and direction, unless I were continually under Divine guidance and direction. True, the work is one I have on, and I do not do it to the level of it, still this matter of preference would scarcely be the great factor of success were it not for my dependence on religious guidance."

Here an attentive listener interrupted Miss Doheny to remark that she considered

that about the only avocation held out to the born and bred gentlewoman was that of teacher. All could not be teachers and the place of affairs seemed desirable. Recognizing the

a body of New York women, the majority of them young and wealthy, organized an association by which they determined to assist those of their sex, seeking occupation and out of this band grew the Young Woman's Christian Association.

association. It is beautifully fitted up and complete in all the requirements of the up-to-date library.

In the building also and in connection with the home, is the gymnasium and bathrooms, so that the Young Woman's Christian Association embraces all the advantages of the home, the school, the library and the place of amusement for the entertainment committee is one of the most important branches of the association. The entertainments are of various kinds, not only bringing to the assembly hall the great artists of the day in every line, but bringing out the various departments of the association that with which can be blessed, or that while they are at "entertained," they again "entertain."

The Bible class, which may be regarded as the principal religious feature of the association, is presided over by the chaplain, members and popularity among the working women of New York draws to her Sunday and weekly services remarkably large congregations. In the Bible class alone last year there was an enrolled membership of 1,000 young women, and a visiting 500. The membership included representatives from among actresses, artists, book folders, bookkeepers, boxmakers, candy makers, capmakers, carpet sewers, carpet weavers, cashiers, cigar makers, upholsters, clerks, cloakroom attendants, comedians, copy writers, dressmakers, furniture gold cutters, gold polishers, governesses, hair dressers, household servants, housekeepers, janitors, ladies' maids, masseuses, medical nurses, milliners, missionaries, musicians, nurses, photo colorists, proof readers, saleswomen, straw workers, students, writers, journalists, telephone operators, typewriters, journalists, and wise heads

and plumed hats and plumed plumes.

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GLAS & DAVISON.
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to be seen in the new Dress just now: Satin Cloths, Cloths, Crepe Cloths, and so on. These goods will colors, blue, and orange, green, and maroon, and brown, and black—in solid shades combinations—and are theings in Ladies' Suits.

Cheviots are plain and in basket weaves, in shades and in two-toned eff all beautiful.

is a yard is the price of one of these Cheviots, 35 inches of wool, in solid colors and the combination of colors.

is a yard is the price of an inch quality, plain, checked weaves. This is even value than the two preceding.

we also just received a come of Silk-finished Henrietta, all the colors, 38 inches which we are offering at 50 yard.

ity Suitings in pinects, we can offer at a bargain.

is a yard is the uniform The material is 40 inches in combinations of blue, green, maroon and green, and green, black and red, and tan and black and blue. A yard it would be served.

Dress Goods. We hand now the most come of these goods that we been able to show.

is a yard allows you to rom a mass of the latest effects in Granite

Cheviots, Covert Cloths, Cloths and a 50-inch

th, such as has never

ed before for less than \$1.

Bargains are 54- cent Cloths, in all the

..... \$1.00 a yard

Cheviots, in all the late

..... \$1.00 a yard

Tailorings in Taber Broadcloths and Covert

all the required shades,

..... \$1.25 a yard

Broadcloths, than

are no better

Suits..... \$1.50 a yard

Satin Cloths, the very

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and blue, green and wine

and yellow..... \$1.75 a yard

Clothing Goods Dept'

the all of Priestley's

— the latest and best

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This Serge, of good

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we have in profusion,

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Bargains in keeping

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as & DAVISON

61 Whitehall.

Continued from Sixth Page.

are extremely quaint and becoming, as a rule to the woman who coquets unconsciously. The plumes nod and flutter around, the soft feathers, and the most daintily coquettish, one can scarcely imagine the Normandy poke as appropriate for the austere or straightforward damsel. It may sound almost prodigious to assert that a well-known society belle will wear one of these chapeaus, upon which there gracefully nods ten black plumes.

They blue is among the favored touches

of color for the winter millinery and is

very effective in tufts of velvet, used in

combinations with white and gray, the latter being very popular colors.

25-birds-to-be have simply revealed in

the plumes and birds of this week's open-

ing, and wise heads who have for a long

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1897.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN MASHONALAND

How a Boy Braved Lions and Crocodiles to Save a Friend.

By P. Y. BLACK.

"How do you feel, old man?"
"For heaven's sake give me something to drink, Weir. I'm burning up."

Weir went to the covered pail which sat in a corner of the hut, and filled a tin cup, which he placed at the sick man's lips.

"I've tried to keep the water as cool as possible, Hardwicke. How is that?"

"Rotten," the fevered man answered. "Serves me right for coming into this confounded wilderness. I'd give the claim for a chunk of ice, or just one little lemon."

He threw himself about on the folding canvas cot, and tossed his blanket on the trodden mud floor. Weir rested his hand on the patient's brow, after silently replacing the blanket, and as he did so he looked down on his comrade's closed eyes and thin, pain-twisted face with alarm. The sick man lay still, moaning weakly, and Weir rose up from the cracker box he sat on and went softly outside. Once in the open air, he allowed himself to show the anxiety he felt, and threw up his hand impotently toward the stars as he walked rapidly up and down. It was the middle of the night. The wide veldt of primeval grasses that had never known the scythe stretched endless all about the cabin, rocking murmurously in the warm night wind, shining in rippled silver whiteness, or hiding in shadow, as the great round, bright moon sailed through blue oceans of cloudy islets.

"Poor Hardwicke!" Weir cried aloud in his trouble. "If this is to be the end of our venture in Mashonaland, I wish to heaven we had never heard of it. If I had proper medicine; if there were a doctor—but how to leave him, with the river in flood and he delirious half the time? It's a deuce of a hole to be in."

A slim form, clad scantly in loose pajamas, came out of the hut, and touched Weir's arm, looking up at him with a face clouded with fear and distress.

"What is the matter, Dick?" Weir asked. "You ought to be asleep."

"I can't sleep. I've been thinking all night. Is—Is he going to die, Weir? He is talking wild again."

From the open door came the sound of the sick man's voice, harsh, distracted, horrible:

"Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
Bearing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys!"

"Good old Weir! We'll dig a fortune out of the country, and go home like princes together, or we'll die together, shoulder to shoulder. We're worth a dozen Matabelles, anyway! Weir, Weir, you dear old bugger, do you remember when we stood off the whole sixth form? There's gold, Weir, gold in the rivers. I tell you! Where's the junior partner? Where's young Dick? Poor little chap! Father dead, mother dead, too. He was a good sort, your father, Dick. I knew him in England—a good sort. You stay with us, son, and Weir and you and I'll be partners! Weir, Weir, where are you?"

"Don't cry, Dick. For heaven's sake don't cry!" said Weir, as a great sob burst from the boy beside him.

"He—he—he was jolly good to me!" the lad cried. "He mustn't die just when we're doing so well and the claims are worth something! It don't seem fair, after all our suffering."

"It's hard, Dick, boy; mighty hard. But he may not die. He wouldn't die if I could get the right medicines—but that I can't do."

"Why?"

"Because he's off his head, and if I leave him he'd get up and wander away and be lost in the bush, just as that Boer did when we were trekking up here. You could not hold him. He is as strong as a dozen of you when he is delirious. Besides, it's a thirty-mile ride to the settlement, and both the rivers between this and it are in flood. It's a question if any man could swim a horse across either of them."

"But, Weir, he must have the medicine."

"But I dare not leave him with you, Dick. He'd wander away and you after him, for you couldn't hold him down in bed, and then both of you would be lost for certain."

The sick man appeared in the doorway, in his pajamas, barefooted and bare-headed, a gun under his arm.

"I'm going down to the river to try if I can find a springbok," he said, with the sudden calmness of a crazed man. "You fellows need fresh meat."

Dick ran to the sick chum in fright.

"Hardwicke," he cried, catching the man tightly by the arm. "Go back to bed; the night air will kill you."

"Don't pull me about, confound you!" cried Hardwicke, with an angry swing of his powerful arm, he sent Dick to the ground five yards away. Then Weir closed him with him and by sheer strength forced him back to his cot.

"You see," said Weir to Dick, panting, "I dare not leave him."

"Then tell me the stuff you need and I'll start at daybreak," said the boy firmly.

"Dick, Dick, if—if you could—but—my God—the risk! If anything happens to you—I like you, Dick!"

"And do you think, Weir," the boy said softly as he looked into the other's face, "I would not do anything—anything, for the only fellows in all the world who call me friend and partner?"

Weir, knowing the immediate need of medicine, consented, and before the chill

frequent trees—broad and fertile park. The horse needed little urging; they sped on with unimpaired swiftness. All at once there came from the veldt in front of them, with a suddenness which turned the boy's ruddy cheeks a deathly white, the low menacing roar of a lion, and ere the first had died away, another answered it. The horse heard, perhaps saw, and instantly was a shaking, snorting, wild-eyed and unmanageable brute. For the time Dick, heartstriked at that deep and ominous note of challenge, lost control of himself as well as of the horse. All hope went suddenly out of him, and that abject terror which most hunters acknowledge at the first unexpected meeting with the African lord, possessed his soul utterly. When he regained some composure it was too late to hold the horse. The beast charged madly off the road, through the head-high luxuriant grass, flying, as it believed, from its foe. The fated animal's instinct was at fault. A sudden gleam from the sky lit up the bush, and Dick saw a tawny, heavily maned lion to the right on the path, to the left, much nearer, another in the grass, in front, the bounding form of another.

He feared as what the stream contained. He had gritted his teeth and refused to think of the hideous brutes when on the bank; he had told himself even they must be dared, for there was no time to lose. But once in the water, a sickening, paralyzing dread of them so overpowered him that he wailing shrieked. Every yard told off as a mile, every stroke he thought must awaken a crocodile, every ripple in the moonlight he mistook for the swift rush of a scaly back.

Nearer and nearer drew the friendly shore, while further behind was left the other bank in the darkness. Some fifty yards from safety he drifted near a mud-bank, slightly above the surface. Fifty yards and he would be almost home, his rubber-packed medicines secure, his welcome ready. Almost he could hear Weir's glad shout, feel his strong arms, avow his grandeur with a mighty embrace, when there slipped from the mud-bank a slow, unwieldy, log-like form that rushed at the swimmer with incredible swiftness. There was no time to cry out, as the great crocodile's jaws opened. Dick's heart stood still and he swooned before he felt the cruel teeth.

In the early dawn Weir left the hut after a sleepless night by Hardwicke's bed, and went down to the river, while his friend slept. The man could not sit still and wait longer for the messenger. All night he had been beset by fears of what might have happened, and worried by self-reproaches for letting the little junior party go. The sun was not yet up when he reached the brink of the stream, but a faint increasing light from the east dispelled the darkness slowly. Weir walked down the stream, straining his eyes for sight of a horseman. Nearly opposite a reef of mud he halted and peered across. He gasped and had just presence of mind enough to keep from crying out when he saw that there lay on the bank a long old crocodile, guarding the motionless form of his friend Dick. For a minute Weir trembled so with mingled sorrow and dread that he stood useless. But as he gazed he fancied that the almost childish figure moved, moved ever so slightly. It flashed through Weir's brain that the brute was following the habit of its kind—habit of which he had before heard and read. A crocodile, he remembered, does not, unless disturbed, devour its prey at once. It waits, when gorged, lazily guarding its meal until appetite returns. Weir raised the rifle, a Mashonaland pioneer never moves without, and aimed with slow, determined care and fire. The bullet struck fairly in the reptile's eye; it stirred heavily; was convulsed for a moment, and slid of its own weight into the water. Weir threw his rifle down, plunged in and dragged in the lifeless boy.

He had swooned, but in swooning had instinctively swerved away from the crocodile, so that the great jaws barely caught his arm sleeve, and by that the languid beast, already replete with food, had drawn the swimmer to the bank, there to wait until hunger returned.

A week later the three friends sat together in the little mud hut, and the fever had left Hardwicke, for the medicine so perilously brought had saved his life.

Weir was reading a letter with a troubled brow, Hardwicke looking over his shoulder, while Dick sprawled on a rug at their feet.

"Look here, Dick," said Weir, "this concerns you. The fame of your exploit, my here, has spread all over Mashonaland and Dr. Jameson writes to me from Fort Charter that if you will come to him he can give you a position with the company. It might be a better thing for you than remaining with Hardwicke and me as an equal partner."

Dick looked up with a face of complete dismay, but what he read in his friend's faces reassured him.

"Of course," he said, smiling, "if you chaps are so anxious to dissolve partnership, I can get out, but—"

He did not conclude, for he was picked up and hugged so vigorously that he had no breath to finish the sentence.

One Boy's Breakfast.

It is common enough to see boys buy things in the street, apples, candy and so on; in a maritime city like New York, where street oyster stands are found, you will sometimes see a boy buy a single oyster for a cent; he gets a cracker or two with it and so gets a generous and toothsome mouthful; but all these things the boy buys just because he likes them. I saw a boy the other day buying what appeared to be his breakfast for a cent.

It was early in the morning at a bakery where I go myself for bread. He bought a single roll. The clerk dropped the roll into a paper bag and crumpled the bag over nicely at the top to make it handy to carry and handed it to the boy with a check from the cash register, which he was to pay at the desk; he was treated in precisely the same manner as every other customer, as though he had bought a dollar's worth instead of a cent's worth.

He was just ahead of me at the desk—I saw his check, for one cent, still lying with the money beside it, on the ledge of the cashier's window, when I went up to pay my own check. He walked out and up the street carrying the bag at his side, and I walked along behind him, because my road lay in that direction. Evidently that roll was to be his breakfast, and he was going home, or wherever he lived, to eat it. I would have liked to speak to him, but of course, I did not. As I looked at him walking on ahead in a sturdy, straightforward fashion, like a boy with a purpose, I did wonder who he was, and where he came from and how it had come about that he was providing for himself in this way; but he didn't need any help, that was plain. Quiet, as he was, he was a self-reliant, capable youngster, quite well able to take care of himself, and that was what he was doing. And he will see the day, I have no doubt, when he will be able to buy something more than a single roll for his breakfast, if he wants it.



The Horse Charged Nearly Off the Road.



CAPTURE OF LITTLE KYUSE.

For Once the Pawnee Orphan Was Taken Unawares and Carried Off.

By CY WARMAN.

About a month after the battle at White Horse, in which Whipsaw, the station-keeper, Bob and Little Kyuse, the six-year-old Pawnee, slew a half dozen Sioux, Bob was able to take his ride again on the pony express.

Little Kyuse was now more of a hero than ever. The most he had done up to that night had been to warn the men when the Sioux were coming, but now it became known that he had not only detected the enemy in the act of stealing upon the station, but had actually killed the leader of the murderous band with his 38.

One day when Whipsaw and the express rider, who laid over at White Horse, were out after buffalo, Little Kyuse was watching the station. The hunters had been lured away by the flying herd, and when the sun hung low in the clear, hot sky they had not yet returned. For nearly an hour the Indian boy had been watching a bare-backed broncho that seemed to be feeding about a mile away, but kept working nearer and nearer to the station.

Presently the sharp eye of the Pawnee saw that the animal had two pairs of front legs. A quarter of an hour later he made out that the rider was stalking in the shadow of the horse. To and fro the animal went, out toward the sunset that was blinding the boy, and at each turn came nearer to the station. When at last the round, red sun went down, and the men did not return, the brave little watchman took his rifle and planted himself in the cabin door. At dusk the horse began to circle round the cabin, but the boy kept his place. Now not more than a hundred yards separated the horse and the station.

The owner of the animal now started for the cabin from the rear, and when he reached the shed, or lean-to in which the express horses were kept, he stopped. The boy cocked his ear and his rifle.

The man started his horse round the house one way, and crept round the other side on tiptoe. As the head of the horse showed up at the corner of the cabin Little Kyuse stood up to face whatever or whoever might come, and instantly a powerful Sioux sprang upon him from behind, twisted the gun from his slender hands, threw him upon the back of his horse and vaulted up behind him.

The big Indian gazed down upon the little boy contemptuously, swept the horizon with his eagle eye, leaned forward, clamped the horse with his knees, and the animal galloped away.

A half hour later Whipsaw and Bob, tired and hungry, rode up to the cabin "Kyuse!" called Whipsaw, but there was no answer.

Dismounting, Bob threw the door of the shed open, for his first thought was of the express pony, and was greeted by a cheerful neigh. Whipsaw went into the cabin, came out, looked at his companion and uttered the one word, "Gone." He stooped and lifted the boy's rifle, that had been discharged in the scuffle, saw the old empty shell in the "death chamber," and wondered where the bullet had gone. It seemed to be a consolation to find that the boy had made some sort of a fight. He had not gone willingly away with his own people. He had been stolen, captured, and carried away by the Sioux, who would hold him for a high reward, unless the boy should invite death by attempting to escape.

That night the men had to keep watch for the first time for more than a year for Little Kyuse would not be there to call them when the first faint sound of horses' feet was heard on the distant plain.

As soon as it was light Whipsaw took the trail of the horse that had carried the boy away. In a sag, not far from the cabin, he saw where an extra horse had been tethered, and he knew then that the capture of Little Kyuse had been the result of a well-laid plan, and that it would be useless to follow the thief.

The news of the capture was carried east to St. Joe and west to Sacramento by the riders of the flying bronchos that were racing across the continent. The company immediately offered a reward for the recapture of the Indian boy, who had become not only an alarm clock, but a watch dog, at the most dangerous station on the entire route.

For six hours the Pawnee, with feet lashed to the saddle, rode in front of his captor. Swift as the wind, silent as the shadows of birds they swept over the sage-covered desert into the territory of Nebraska.

For nearly a year Little Kyuse lived among the Sioux, but he never forgot his white master. In all this time he had made no attempt to escape, and his captors began to believe that the boy had become reconciled to his fate. It would be pleasant to write here that Little Kyuse was vastly superior to other Indians—that he went regularly to the Platt, took off his belt and bathed him in the running stream—but he did nothing of the kind. If he plunged into the river occasionally it was because its water was cool and refreshing, and not because he wanted to be clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Little Kyuse was an Indian. He would skin a rabbit alive to see how long it would live naked, and share his dinner with a crippled dog.

A mill run of Indians of that day and age, regardless of tribe or locality, would probably show a result of about one Jekyll to sixteen Hydes.

In the spring and summer following the capture of the boy the Sioux were busy with the Pawnees and the United States troops. The band in which the boy was held was forced to break camp one dark night and fly for their lives.

Little Kyuse took advantage of the situation and escaped. Not knowing that the Pawnees, who were after the Sioux, were his own people, he turned his face to the west and set out to find his white friend. He traveled all night not knowing exactly to what point of the compass his swift feet were carrying him, and at dawn hid beneath the bank of the river. When the

sun went down he set his face toward the gold and resumed his journey. He made note of the stars, so that when the gold was gone he was able to keep his course toward the west.

It was near midnight of the second "sleep;" the boy was hungry and tired. He knew by his native instinct that he must be near the station from which the Sioux had carried him a year ago, and concluded to lie down and rest until morning. He ate the last of a small piece of dried buffalo meat that he had carried with him. Away off toward the mountains at the north he heard a lone wolf howl. Another answered from the south of him and still another close behind him. The boy, being unarmed, was sore afraid. He got to his feet, listened and hurried on.

ing the horse to guide himself. Whipsaw threw his rifle over his shoulder and pumped lead into the darkness behind him. An occasional yelp told of a wolf that had been hit, but still the band came on.

As the men came from the cabin the spent horse galloped up to the door, with the howling wolves at his heels.

A few rounds from the rifles of the two men, the sight and scent of civilization soon put the wolves to flight and the fresh rider, with a fresh horse, dashed on toward the coast.

The wounded rider led the tired horse away. Whipsaw carried the boy into the cabin and laid him tenderly upon his blankets, that had been kept ready and waiting for him all these weeks and months. His chest, arms and legs were fearfully torn, and into the open wounds Whipsaw poured the contents of a quart bottle. Not a murmur nor a moan came from the hero of seven summers, as the red liquor was poured into his bleeding wounds.

"There's five hundred in this for you," said the pony express man, limping in from the shed. "An' it might have been

delightful amusement may be obtained with a few couple of beagles, but do not, on any pretence whatever, allow people on horseback to go out hunting with them; all the work may be very well accomplished on a good, stout pair of legs.

In regard to the cost of keeping, say, five couple of beagles, at 20 cents per head per week:

One year about. \$100
Medicines and veterinary surgeon . . . 10
Incidentals, repairing kennels, etc. . . . 10

Total. \$120

Suppose a number club together, the item of expense is a mere trifle.

A word about the kennel. In building this there is no need to go to great expense. Choose an aspect as nearly southeasterly as possible, and then set to work, bearing in mind that plenty of ventilation and good drainage are essential to the health of your animals. Let the hut be roomy and airy, and duly provided with benches, and outside have a large yard, carefully paved, with a trap drain in the center, toward which the floor gradually slopes. It is always desirable to have a second hut, in which feeding operations may be carried on, as this is also useful to shut the dogs in while their sleeping apartment is being cleaned out. Let every part of the kennel be kept clean and wholesome. Dogs suffer as much as human beings from an unhealthy atmosphere, and many a good hound has been ruined through carelessness or inattention in this particular respect.

The young master of the pack should take his charges out in the early morning for their walk, and should put in an appearance in their kennel as often as he can, and, above all, he should superintend their feeding. Prior to this, he must get them well under control, and in default to feel the whip, till he has them thoroughly in hand. To each he should give a name, taking care that they should thoroughly understand when they are called. There is no better way of bringing this about than when he is standing over the feeding trough to call them out separately, and he will soon find that hunger will stimulate their understanding. The hour for feeding should be about 11 o'clock, always remembering that during the hunting season this meal should be regulated according to the hunt the following day. Always see that there is plenty of water within reach. Meat or bones, biscuit and oatmeal, with occasional vegetables, should form the chief of their diet. The meat should be boiled and thickened with oatmeal. —Frances M. Smith.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR MOTHER

A Corner Cabinet.

Among the various useful pieces of furniture that can be made for the home, a very compact and convenient corner cabinet will be appreciated in a small room, where it will serve as a receptacle for books, bric-a-brac and odds and ends.

A cabinet of this description is shown in the illustration, and if from appearances it may seem difficult to construct, that doubt may be dispelled if the description is followed and these instructions carried out.

The tools needed with which to work out the various pieces necessary to the construction will be a hammer, saw, compass saw, a plane, screwdriver and a small drawknife.

The materials required will be some pine or white wood boards, about half an inch in thickness, a few steel wire nails and screws. To begin with, make two wall plates or sides, measuring twenty-four inches long and twelve inches wide at the top, using as a pattern the form shown in figure 1.

Then make two triangular shelves twelve inches long on the sides, forming the right angle, and with the drawknife shape the front edge to form a quarter circle, as shown in figure 2. Fasten these shelves



He Could Hear Them Lick Their Chops and See Their Eyes.

Presently he heard a sage bush rattle, looked back and saw a dark shadow following him. He stopped short, and the shadow stopped. He turned and ran toward it, beating the night air with his arms. The shadow flounced noiselessly to one side, and he knew it was a wolf.

He turned and ran for a few hundred yards, glanced back and the shadow was at his heels. He faced about, and to his horror there were three or four other shadows following the first.

He ran at them, they flounced about, but did not run away. Now he had to study the stars to get his bearings again, and when he started forward, found himself surrounded by the gaunt, gray wolves of the plain. Brave as he was, the boy's heart stood still, while the hungry animals crouched nearer. He tried to pick up something to throw, but there was nothing but the dry earth and the sage bush.

Far down the plain he thought he heard the hoofs of a horse hitting the trail. He put his ear to the earth and heard to his joy the unmistakable call of the call of the horse's flying feet. Near and nearer came the sound and closer crept the wild dogs of the desert. The boy's trained ear told him that he was north of the trail upon which the horse seemed to be traveling, and that the lone rider would pass to the south of him. Darting this way and that he succeeded in driving the wolves away for a moment, and then hurried across the sage bush. He had not gone a hundred yards before he found himself surrounded by the band again. The horse was now so near that he could hear the animal's breath coming with a snort like the exhaust of a locomotive at each jump, and the wolves were so close to him that he could hear them lick their chops and see their eyes shining like green glass in the darkness. Now he could see the horse outlined against the horizon and the rider leaning forward, holding the broncho hard between his knees. The boy made another desperate effort to escape from his pursuers, darted forward and a moment later his bare feet felt the trail. At that moment one of the wolves snapped his sharp teeth through the calf of the boy's leg, threw him to the ground and instantly he was covered by dozen, leaping, snarling, snapping wolves that completely blocked the trail. The horse stopped so suddenly that a less watchful rider would have been hurled into the heap.

"Teh pirates o' th' plain," cried the man, whipping out a six-shooter. He knew the rolling brown bundle for a band of wolves and reckoned that below the heap there struggled a buffalo calf or a young antelope.

As the rider began to empty his revolver rapidly into the band they began to scatter, and as the smoke cleared away, the Pawnee, torn and bleeding, staggered to his feet.

"Kyuse!" cried the rider.

"Wuh!" grunted the Indian, as he recognized his old master, Whipsaw.

The man grasped the boy by one arm and lifted him to the back of the horse. A wolf snapped at the boy's feet. Taking another six-shooter from his belt, Whipsaw scattered the band and the horse dashed away again. But these wolves had tasted blood and they gave chase.

A mile away, in the cabin of White Horse, the rider who was to carry the mail on west, and the wounded rider, whose place Whipsaw had taken, heard the rattle of the revolver, armed themselves and started up the trail.

Meanwhile the bloodthirsty wolves came nearer and nearer, snapping at the flying heels of the frightened horse and leaping up in a mad effort to drag the wounded boy, whose blood had reddened their tongues, from the saddle.

Holding the boy with one hand and leav-

ing the horse to guide himself, Whipsaw threw his rifle over his shoulder and pumped lead into the darkness behind him. An occasional yelp told of a wolf that had been hit, but still the band came on.

As the men came from the cabin the spent horse galloped up to the door, with the howling wolves at his heels.

A few rounds from the rifles of the two men, the sight and scent of civilization soon put the wolves to flight and the fresh rider, with a fresh horse, dashed on toward the coast.

The wounded rider led the tired horse away. Whipsaw carried the boy into the cabin and laid him tenderly upon his blankets, that had been kept ready and waiting for him all these weeks and months. His chest, arms and legs were fearfully torn, and into the open wounds Whipsaw poured the contents of a quart bottle. Not a murmur nor a moan came from the hero of seven summers, as the red liquor was poured into his bleeding wounds.

"There's five hundred in this for you," said the pony express man, limping in from the shed. "An' it might have been

in place between the wall plates by driving screws through the wall plates and into the edges of the shelves, securing them in position, as shown by the upper lines of black dots on figure 1.

Make a bottom shelf on the same plan, but much smaller, using figure 2 as the pattern, and fasten it in place, as indicated by the bottom line of dots on figure 1. Then shape the fourth shelf and attach it in position, and the woodwork will be completed, save the top boards, to lend a finish to the cabinet.

The two top boards can be twelve inches long and six inches high and need not be attached securely to the cabinet, but they may be fastened to the wall instead after the cabinet has been anchored fast in the corner.

The woodwork should be painted or stained to match other woodwork in the room, or if it is of oak, cherry, ash or sycamore, it can be slightly stained and varnished.

To the under side of the top shelf a light rod may be suspended, and on which small rings can slide, in order that pretty curtains of china silk or other light material may be hung.

Under the bottom shelf a hook can be screwed fast from which a cup can hang, and if desired hooks may be arranged under other shelves to accommodate cups or small pitchers.

When anchoring this cabinet to the wall care should be taken to secure it firmly, as otherwise the weight of books might cause it to fall. —J. HARRY ADAMS.

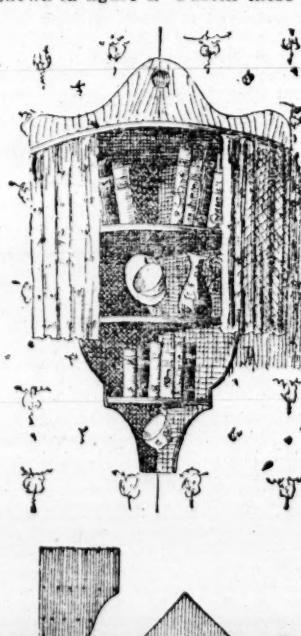


FIG. 1 FIG. 2

A CORNER CABINET.

SAGGED

Used Consolidated
Entire
UNDERTONE

Indications The
Shortly Cheek
Helper

New York, Sept.
the stock exchange
deals at
the stock exchange
stock had been
about 240 since 19
in the week. Bu-
day of over 19
The variations in
were as high as
tive sales. The
decline of 6 per
cent served to
and discouraged
market sagged.
undertone of his
supplied by the
for money would
future served as
helped the decline
Hattan suffered a
coasters reacted a
advance. Delaware
but losing practice
Great Western r
August statement
ried above St. P
of London selling
days, heavy buy
rose a point and
Ohio, Southwester
points and declin
Pittsburgh, Cincin
Louis, preferred
Northern Pacific
throughout the
prices generally
short interest
what aggressive
beats were not
efforts Monday, r
rouded as a result
change and the
port movement
For the rest of
extremely irregul
advances have be
in different le
list, while other
at an unchanged
a week ago. Con
one of the stock
a serious setback
with which the
absorbed is a
continued breadt
port. Some of the
advances have be
level of the mark
a week ago. Con
based on expect
dents, but in no
crease in dividend
of the increase in
the price. The
for the argument
to a higher level
argued that the
rate of return
continued stagnat
ed a permanent
the rapid absorpt
the rapid absorpt
the bank statement.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

A KENTUCKY MULE.

The Strange Experience of a Blue Grass Cavalier with One.

The well-to-do farmer of republican propertied was in Washington looking for pleasure for the next three years and a half, not so much for dessert as for a steady diet during that period, and while he was looking around he found time now and again to talk a bit on other subjects, says The Washington Star.

One evening it was mules.

"I'll be doggoned," he said, "if I haven't got a mule out home that ought to have the championship belt for kicking. Why, by zucks, one morning I tried to make that darn mule haul a cartload of rocks from a creek about half a mile to the stable and he just wouldn't stir a leg. All he would do when I tried to make him go forward was to move the other way, so to beat Mr. Mule at his little game I took him out of the shafts and turned him head on to the cart and started him up. Then he wouldn't move either way, but just stood still and began to kick. Not a one-legged kick, either, but the real thing with both feet, and, gee whillikins, how he did launch them out into the atmosphere.

"I was sure I never would get him now, for I couldn't get near him; but all of a sudden I noticed that every time he kicked he kicked so hard that he couldn't hold on to the ground with his forefeet, and so dragged himself about a foot or two, according to the ground he was on. That gave me an idea, and I just stood by and when he showed a disposition to quit I nagged him a little and he went to kicking again; and I'll be blamed if he didn't get that cartload of rocks to the place I wanted it at mighty near as soon as if he had just haulled it there in the first place and made no fuss about it."

One or two men coughed a short cough, but when the Kentuckian looked around they seemed to have recovered from their pulmonary attack.

"Isn't that scar on your forehead where he kicked you once?" inquired one of them.

"Not exactly."

"I understand some one to say so," said the party with the cough.

"Somebody's mistaken, that's all. How it happened was that one day I was coming into the front gate and the mule was about 100 yards away, up at the other end of the big yard in front of the house. My hound made a break for him, and as the mule whirled to run away he let one leg fly at the dog, and the force of the kick, missing the dog, was such that the shoe flew off and whizzing through the air took me a clip over the eye as I stood at the gate watching the two animals, and came mighty near settling my earthly accounts right then and there. You see, a mule's shoe is hardly as light as a lady's slipper and when it is hurled 100 yards through the air it is just the kind of a thing you ought to stand aside for and let it have as much room as it wants."

Horse Beat the Storm.

From The Florida Citizen.

Bud Harvey, a farmer living about ten miles out in Big Turkey Hammock section, started for town Monday in the midst of a driving rain. Soon the wind increased to a terrific storm, the rain coming down in sheets and the wind almost throwing the buggy over. Coming to a deserted house he stopped, as if to go in. Suddenly a terrific roar was heard behind him. Looking back he saw a dense black cloud hovering over the ground, reaching to the tops of the trees. He could see big, tall pines falling in every direction and splintering across each other, while the noise was appalling.

It was rushing rapidly in his direction, and, seeing his peril, he whipped up his horse. The latter, a thoroughbred, took the bit in his teeth and started on a dead run up the road. Nearer and nearer came the hurricane, and he could hear the noise of falling trees a few rods back of him, the frantic efforts of his horse barely keeping him in front of the terrific whirlwind.

Suddenly he felt an upward twist of his buggy, and to his horror realized that he was riding in midair, as it were, the rear end of the buggy being lifted up over a foot from the ground. Frantically he plied the whip, and for a few seconds the race between him and grim death was a terrific one. The horse, wild with terror, sped onward with his utmost speed, the buggy careening from side to side, running only on the two front wheels, and it was all that he could do to keep from being dashed over the side. Suddenly he felt the buggy settle down into the road again, and he knew he was safe. The horse ran half a mile before he could be pulled up. Looking back, Harvey saw that the roadway he had just passed over was so thickly strewn with fallen trees that he could have walked a mile on the trunks without touching the ground.

The whirlwind had ceased as suddenly as it came. For a distance of four miles and a quarter in width the destruction was complete, the terrible storm making a neatly cut path through the thick forest, leveling the trees close to the ground, presenting a scene of the utmost destruction.

Hungary's Royal Bones Stolen.

From The London Daily News.

Extraordinary discoveries have been made in Hungary with regard to the spoliation of the graves of the ancient kings. In 1869 the archaeologist, Koloman Henzelmann, searched for the graves of these long-dead rulers, which had been disturbed and partly destroyed by the Turks during their dominion there in the bishop of Stuhlwiesen's garden. Stuhlwiesen'sburg is the old coronation city. He found a number of strong coffins, and was able from the inscriptions to ascertain that they were those of the old kings. He gave them to the care of the city authorities, after copying the inscriptions and fastening tickets with them into each skull. The mayor seems to have put all the grisly treasures pell-mell into five large packing cases and to have thrown the sarcophagi away. In 1872 the present mayor of Stuhlwiesen'sburg learned that there were bones in the loft

of the town hall. What was to be done with them? He examined the skulls and found what they were. He addressed himself to the chapter of Stuhlwiesen'sburg, and the packing cases were nailed up and placed in the vaults of the cathedral and one of the deans was made responsible for them. He never seems to have troubled about them, however, and a drunken sexton became the real caretaker.

In 1883 the professor of archaeology, Tork, received permission to take the bones to Buda-Pesth for his anthropological studies. It was then found that the seals had been torn from the boxes and they had been opened. Several skulls were missing and packing case No. 5 had been quite emptied. When the sexton was questioned, he said that his predecessor had told him that a student of medicine named Tuzkay had received permission from the dean to take some of the skeletons for his medical studies, and that he had made a liberal use of the permission. This slander applies to a respected doctor in Buda-Pesth, who has already proved that he is quite innocent. Dean Johann Kardey declares that the remains of King Mathias and Louis the Great are buried in a separate vault and were not touched by the Turks.

The kings to whom the bones and skulls belonged which are now in such deplorable condition or altogether missing are St. Emrich, the son of St. Stephen, first king of Hungary; Kings Stephen, Koloman, Bela, Gelza II, Ladislas II, Stephen V, Bela II, Ladislas III and several other princes of the Arpad line. There were also of the line of Anjou Queen Mary, wife of Robert Charles, her son and her husband, Kings Albert, Ulysses, Louis I and John Zpolya, whose corpse Ahmed Pasha had hung out of the vault in 1513.



Walter Fritts, Florence, Ala.—Dear Junior: Papa takes The Constitution and we like it very much. We live on Mussel Shoals canal. Papa has a nice farm. My two little brothers and I have been going to school in the country. Papa is a pilot on one of the United States steamers. We have goats, which we work to a little wagon. Inclosed find 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Samuel A. Gallimore, Sedalia, Ky.—Dear Junior: I enjoy reading the letters very much. Am glad you admitted that "Florida School Marm," with her glowing description of St. Augustine, our ancient city. Our little place has a small dramatic club I'll tell you about. Last year we presented quite a good number of comedies and dramas, some requiring nearly twenty members. Our club meets regular and discusses the best ways and means to entertain an audience. I think there is nothing more elevating than to be able to take a part in an entertainment of a good, moral kind and to see the young aspirants for dramatic fame acquit themselves. I would be glad to have correspondents.

Janie E. Davis, Hamburg, Fla.—Dear Junior: I have been sick and as soon as I was able to get up I went to the cotton patch and picked cotton till I got a dime; so here it is, and you may put me down as a member of the Grady Hospital Club. I have been afflicted all my life, and as everybody is so kind to me I want to do something for others, if it is but little. Mamma says that when she reads of good men and women doing for the poor that she thinks they remember what our Master said when he was on earth: "The poor ye have with you always," and that He will surely bless all such. A great many ask for a cure for neuralgia. Mamma was cured of a bad case by using sal ammoniac acid about the size of a bird egg dissolved in a glass of water. Take a teaspoonful every two hours till relieved. There is no danger in it.

(Your contribution will be blessed because given in the right spirit.—Aunt Susie.)

Jennie Hall, Childress, Va.—Dear Junior: I am seven years old. My papa takes The Constitution and I like to read the letters so much. I have two little brothers and one little sister. We have a nice little horse we can ride and papa gave us some pretty little lambs. My little brother and I have some pet pigeons. Our grandma lives with us and we love her so much. My mamma has rheumatism and can't walk much. I send 10 cents to the Grady hospital.

Lewis Williams, Plains, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am seven years old and live in the Land of Flowers. We are making a short visit to grandpa. I begin to want to go back to Jacksonville. I like Florida better than Georgia. I have had some very pretty pets, but had them stolen. They were two fine English rabbits and a mockingbird. I have been sick all of my life. I inclose 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Livie Smitherman, Six Mile, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am thirteen years old. I am not going to school now. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I have a little sister two years younger than myself living with my grandma. I am very lonesome without her.

Louise Watson, Lebanon, S. C.—Dear Junior: I am eleven years old. I am a farmer's daughter. We live six miles from Abbeville courthouse. I have four sisters and one brother. I have a married sister. She lives at a romantic place; the creek flows gracefully at the foot of the hill and a rustic bridge spans the creek in front of the house. A picturesque old mill stands to the left. I have been going to school, but it is vacation now.

Estelle Purcell, Mooresboro, N. C.—Dear Junior: We are all getting very anxious about "Betsy Hamilton." What has become of her? Has Cap Dewberry captured her? If so, please excuse her from a part of the honeymoon long enough to write a few more pieces for the dear old Constitution.

I am a girl of sweet sixteen; am very fond of reading and especially The Constitution. I have been revelling in mountain scenery and books for the past three years in western North Carolina; am now in the central part of the state. Hope some one will answer my question.

Essie Belle Smitherman, Six Mile, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am six years old. I have been going to school and studying the First reader. I have three brothers and three sisters. We have a good time playing, as we are too small to help papa and mamma work.

Laura Bell, Alken, Ala.—Dear Junior: We are still writing on subjects, I believe, and I will take for mine "Kindness." Kindness will go farther and give more happiness in this world than all the haughtiness and asperity we can possibly assume. How much easier, too, is it to act kindly and naturally to our fellow-men, and even to the faithful animals about us, than to effect a rude manner. A sympathizing word from the lips falls like oil upon the ruffled waters of the human breast; and this is the great secret in the success of business. Why some are successful and some are unfortunate. Nothing is more valuable or so easily practiced than good nature. A person with a pleasant disposition finds friends everywhere. Good nature is one of the sweetest of gifts. Like the pure husband, it gladdens, enlivens and cherishes in the midst of angels and revenge. It is good nature that elevates and purifies. A kind word may fall like drops of rain upon the drooping flowers. The human heart rises against oppression and is soothed by gentleness as the waves of the ocean rise in proportion to the violence of the winds and sink with the breezes into mildness and serenity.

Fannie Decell, Caseyville, Miss.—Dear Junior: I will not choose a subject this time, but will write about my home. I am a member of a family of fourteen children—eight girls and six boys—and am thirteen years of age. I live fourteen miles west of Brookhaven, and enjoy the benefit of a good graded school within a few yards of us. I am in the eighth grade. My papa is a farmer, and takes The Constitution. We like it very much. I always read The Junior department. I have no pets at all, except two little brothers—one two months old and the other fifteen months old.

Florence Parker, Wade's Park, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a farmer's daughter, and live six miles east of Quitman and two miles west of Wade's Park, which is our postoffice. I have just returned from one of my cousins, three miles above Quitman, where I have been instructing a class in music. I enjoy teaching music very much. I attended several nice entertainments that were given for my pleasure. I and my sisters have some happy times around the organ together, for we generally spend our spare time there. Would like to exchange ballads with some of the cousins.

Estella Weathers, Oreb, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am eleven years old. My father lives on a farm in sight of the Coosa river, ten miles from Rome. Father and my oldest brother have been in Atlanta twice, but I've never been. Next time father goes to Atlanta I am going to see Aunt Susie. I go to school to my aunt. All the little girls love her so much. They call her Aunt Mary. Find inclosed 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Jessie Matthew, Oreb, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am eleven years old. I live in the country. I go to school. My father is a merchant and has a farm. I have a little sister two years old, two brothers and two sisters. Find inclosed 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Little B. McDonald, Bolton, Ga.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "Ability and Opportunity." We must wrestle in this life if we would be successful. Very few of us do all that we can. More lies in willingness and determination than in inherent ability. How frequently it is said "I could do this or that if I wanted to or had opportunity." The world is full of people who think they can do or have done great things. Success in this life is not measured by what might be done, but rather by what is really accomplished. Do not wait for Providence to open up a way for you. Consult earnestly the biographies of the successful ones and you will find that the secret of their success depended not so much upon their natural abilities as upon their willingness and determination to do with them what whatsoever their minds or hands found to do. Life is not only a voyage, but a ladder, the steps of which should not be retraced. You may think you are placed in unfortunate circumstances; no matter, do the best you can and you will gain by the trying. Let us rather conclude that there are chances or opportunities all along this path of life—not waiting for us indeed, but with us every day. Inclosed find 10 cents for Grady Hospital Club membership. Correspondents solicited.

Ethel Huff, Allston, Va.—Dear Junior: I will tell you of a valley of death—a valley surpassing in reality of horrors the fabled region of the upas tree. It is reported to have been discovered in the island of Java. This island is volcanic, and in one spot the emanations from the interior of the earth are so deadly that the place is called the valley of death. As the traveler approaches it he is attacked by nausea and giddiness. He also notices a suffocating smell. As he advances these symptoms disappear, so that after passing through the belt of filthy air which guards the valley, the visitor is enabled to examine with less risk the section before him. I will say to the little girl who wanted a name for her baby sister to name it Ethel.

E. M. W. Hillaryton, Ala.—Dear Junior: To the boys who consider the generality of girls ninnies and numbskulls permit me to say I am profoundly sorry for your sweethearts. Imagination fails to depict the nature of their taste. If in the golden days to come I ever own any property by that name, he will never speak disparagingly of girls. A boy who is capable of making unenviable remarks about girls should be labeled "dangerous," and a girl who does not sharpen her perceptive powers sufficiently to comprehend his motives, is—well, what? Yes, I see a number of you hurling criticisms at me, but just send them on thick and fast if you like. Perhaps the result will not be fatal, for I expect to be a school teacher, and they endure everything from a saucybox to a cyclone, and I suppose I will be no exception.

I should like to give some of the boys a hearty handshake for their practical ideas on intellect, not merely for their many defense of girls, but for stating their views in such a straightforward manner. If there is one of the cardinal virtues that eclipses all the others with its brilliancy it is truth. Often it is difficult to adhere strictly to veracity and maintain one's dignity, but when a declaration of the real state of affairs is unreasonable say nothing. The truth is best left unsaid at times, then, instead of dissembling for appearance sake, let us preserve silence. I hope each member of The Junior detests hypocrisy as thoroughly as the writer. If we have allowed it the smallest growth in our hearts let us uproot it and fling it to the four winds, praying that never again may its evil influence overshadow us. Correspondence solicited.

suits of which are not beneficial to mankind should ever be engaged in.

Charley A. Jackson, box 135, Ferris, Tex.—Dear Junior: I have been reading the cousins' letters with much interest. Blanch Pooser, your description of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, is very nice. "An East Texas Girl," you shall have help from your colleagues of Texas, for I know our state has many good writers and as Scrooges said, "Our boys are on a higher moral standing than the girls." Boys and girls, let us all go along with the happy band of cousins. Inclosed find 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Henry Grady Waller, Flat Rock, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am seven years old. I hope you will give me a place in your circle. My papa is a farmer living near Flat Rock. I have five dear little sisters. We all go to school. I have a pretty colt named Rocksey. A kind lady sent me a picture of my namesake. Papa had it framed for me and it hangs in my room where I can see it every day. I send 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Eva Alley, Murphreesburg, Miss.—Dear Junior: My papa was a subscriber to The Constitution during Mr. Grady's life and thought him a great and able man. My papa is a farmer. He has been making molasses. I enjoy that time so much. I wish some of the little cousins were here to enjoy it with me, for next week he will make again, and what a nice time we will have. We have had an abundance of nice fruit this year and so many watermelons. Some mornings papa would gather as many as twenty-five or thirty, and how we would feast. My little friend, Lizzie Roberts, wrote you last week about the sawmills. Since her letter two of the operatives were scalped to death. I can't tell you how, as I am but a little girl and don't know much about sawmills. I deeply sympathize with little Willie, to think perhaps he will live to be an old man and never talk. But what a consolation to know that he had such pleasant surroundings and kind nursing while an invalid. God bless Aunt Susie. Such as she should enjoy life. I have been so lonesome this week.

Autumn will soon be here with faded flowers and withered leaves. And how we will welcome it, as we have had such a long, hot summer. Inclosed please find 10 cents. I wish to become a member of the Grady Hospital Club.

Frank B. Scott, Brownsville, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I take for my subject "A Pastoral Scene."

I like a sedate pastoral scene. Where days roll by and seem But moments in Elysium spent, And when each day had lent Its opportunities for sinners to repent, Why then in perambulating mode O'er vine-arched veranda I strde With vigilant gaze beheld In azure landscapes subtle me The stars vaulting forth pell-mell As multitudinous and difficult to define, As were Cherubs and Seraphs divine, Who with Belzebub fell That puerous depth to hell. And in yonder orient I desred That emblazed orb, the moon, Who seemed to say with majestic pride: "Now, satellites, let us shone Through somb'ry shadows to peep And vigilant watch o'er the earth to keep, And at our post we'll stand Like loyal pickets on the van Till that omnipotent Being who created man With sonorous voice gives the command, And then we will convene." Who is it that, viewing this scene, Does not feel and true it is That life's battles won and the spoils Are well worth the pain and toil?

Ethel Huff, Allston, Va.—Dear Junior: I will tell you of a valley of death—a valley surpassing in reality of horrors the fabled region of the upas tree. It is reported to have been discovered in the island of Java. This island is volcanic, and in one spot the emanations from the interior of the earth are so deadly that the place is called the valley of death. As the traveler approaches it he is attacked by nausea and giddiness. He also notices a suffocating smell. As he advances these symptoms disappear, so that after passing through the belt of filthy air which guards the valley, the visitor is enabled to examine with less risk the section before him. I will say to the little girl who wanted a name for her baby sister to name it Ethel.

E. M. W. Hillaryton, Ala.—Dear Junior: To the boys who consider the generality of girls ninnies and numbskulls permit me to say I am profoundly sorry for your sweethearts. Imagination fails to depict the nature of their taste. If in the golden days to come I ever own any property by that name, he will never speak disparagingly of girls. A boy who is capable of making unenviable remarks about girls should be labeled "dangerous," and a girl who does not sharpen her perceptive powers sufficiently to comprehend his motives, is—well, what? Yes, I see a number of you hurling criticisms at me, but just send them on thick and fast if you like. Perhaps the result will not be fatal, for I expect to be a school teacher, and they endure everything from a saucybox to a cyclone, and I suppose I will be no exception.

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TELEPHONE EXTENSION

Phenomenal Growth of Long Distance Lines.

Historical Sketch of the Atlanta Telephone Exchange.

"The Mail Is Quick, the Telegraph Is Quicker, but the Long Distance Telephone Is Instantaneous, and You Don't Have to Wait for an Answer."

By R. B. Harrison.

Atlantaans who have watched the growth of the city during the past fifteen or twenty years are prepared to see meritorious business enterprises flourish and develop as the city grows and extends its borders. No enterprise is more closely

in the city, and is perfect in all its appointments. On the first floor you will find the office of the local manager and the long-distance phones, which are growing rapidly in public favor.

On the second floor are the offices of the district officers and their assistants, every one handsomely furnished and faultlessly equipped for the conduct of business. The third floor will prove of unusual interest to the visitor. Here is a very large hall on one side of which is entirely taken up with a magnificent switchboard, upon which the entire system of 1,750 phones is arranged in a manner so perfect and complete that its workings are as uniform and noiseless as a well-regulated clock. While this switchboard is one of the finest in the country, arrangements are even now being made to replace it with a larger and more expensive one, as the business of the exchange demands it.

Here is where all the pretty girls are at work, and the entire lot of sixty do not make as much noise connecting the different phones as called for as one office boy does in trying to ring up his best girl. One reason for this is that the girls know how to use the phones intelligently, and we venture the assertion that if fault-finding

Auburn, Ala. Macon, Ga. Marietta, Ga. Manchester, Ga. Benton, Ala. Barnesville, Ga. Boilingbrook, Ga. Byron, Ga. Cartersville, Ga. Cedar, Ga. Concord, Ga. Carters, Ga. Columbus, Ga. Chipley, Ga. Crawfordville, Ga. Chehaw, Ala. Covington, Ga. Douglasville, Ga. Douglas, Ala. East Point, Ga. Fairburn, Ga. Fort Valley, Ga. Ga. Faunsdale, Ala. Girard, Ala. Griffin, Ga. Greenville, Ga. Greensboro, Ala. Rome, Ga. Rutledge, Ga. Smithville, Ga. Sunny Side, Ga. Social Circle, Ga. Stone Mountain, Ga. Selma, Ala. Thomaston, Ga. Thomasville, Ga. Turkegee, Ala. Union Point, Ga.



TOWNS CONNECTED BY THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Identified with Atlanta's growth and greatness than is the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose first connection with Atlanta's business interests began with the establishment of the Atlanta Telephone Exchange.

The first telephone system established in Atlanta was under a charter granted in 1878 to Julius L. Brown, Beverly W. Wren, and others. Mr. H. H. Jackson, now a real estate agent of this city, was the general manager. The exchange was located

In a Loft Pierch.

In the cupola of the old Kimball house. This point was then considered an admirable location for a telephone system, and the small switchboard used then was quartered in this little glass-enclosed observatory. The wires were stretched over the tops of the buildings and as subscribers were not very numerous, the network of wires was not as intricate as a spider's web.

There were at that time thirty-six subscribers, and the work of the office was performed by two operators. Miss Lizzie Middleton was the first operator, who has long since married and retired from the service. The second operator was Miss Mattie McCrary, who is now the chief operator, and is well known to the business public.

With the Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company acquired the Atlanta Exchange and the latter became a part of the Southern Bell system, the offices were moved to the Bell building, on the corner of Broad and Marietta streets. At that time the business had not assumed very large proportions, as the entire business of the exchange was conducted in a room about 16x20 feet, which was used by the officers and operators jointly. Mr. W. J. Cole was superintendent and Mr. H. H. Jackson local manager.

In 1885 we find considerable progress made in the extension of business, and the number of subscribers had increased

From 36 to 500.

which was considered quite a snug business at that time. This necessitated procuring larger quarters and an entire floor of the Bell building was secured and was used as the operating room until the new telephone exchange was erected.

In 1883 the great work of putting in the underground system of conduits was commenced, as was also the erection of the new telephone exchange located on the corner of Pryor and Mitchell streets. The exchange was moved into the new building in 1894. The number of subscribers had increased to 1,400, and now there are 1,750 phones in use.

The New Exchange

is one of the handsomest office buildings

subscribers would go through the exchange occasionally they would find it beneficial.

Local Officers.

The local office is under the management of Mr. R. L. West, manager; Miss Mattie McCrary, chief operator; W. C. Robinson, chief inspector; D. W. Walker, foreman of line department, and Miss Katie C. Tatton, cashier.

All these officials seem to have graduated at the same school, as they are uniformly polite, courteous and attentive to patrons and possess a faculty that is appreciated by the business public. They understand their respective duties. The pay roll of the local force contains over sixty names.

Long Distance Lines.

Mr. John D. Easterlin, district superintendent, is now busily engaged in pushing the construction of long distance lines, connecting the different towns and cities, so as to bring them in close touch with each other. Mr. Easterlin is able assisted in his work by his executive staff, which consists of Mr. W. T. Gentry, assistant superintendent; J. O. Winton, electrical engineer, and George H. Cole, mechanical engineer.

The construction of long distance lines gives employment to a large force of hands, which now consists of two gangs, making a total of sixty or seventy men. In constructing new lines traveling vans are used which are built upon the same plan, though not so elaborate of course, as vestibuled cars. One van is arranged with sleeping berths for the white men, another for the negroes, and then there are vans in which the cooking and eating is done, just as it is on the railroads. This is an interesting feature of telephone building and attracts much attention in the rural districts.

Atlanta is now in communication with many towns in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina and new ones will be added as rapidly as possible until the entire southern states will eventually be placed under the system. The points now reached extend from Aiken, S. C. on the east to Demopolis, Ala. on the west, and from Rome, Ga. on the north to Thomasville, Ga. on the south.

It is generally known that you can sit in your own office and carry on a conversation with parties in so many towns that have business relations with Atlanta. Here is the list now reached and you might file it for future reference.

TOWNS YOU CAN TALK TO.

Athens, Ga. Jonesboro, Ga.

Acworth, Ga. Langley, S. C.

Aiken, S. C. Lithonia, Ga.

Austell, Ga. Lovejoy, Ga.

Albany, Ga. Lithia Springs, Ga.

Americus, Ga. Leesburg, Ga.

Greensboro, Ga. Uniontown, Ala. Villa Rica, Ga.

Hampton, Ga. Warm Springs, Ga.

Hamburg, Ala. Waycross, Ga.

Hevelin, Ga. Its Varied Uses.

Outside of the great convenience of the telephone in business houses, it has proven to be one of the greatest labor-saving inventions of the age. In any grocer's establishment the use of the telephone is equal to an extra clerk, and I am told by leading merchants that as an adjunct for drawing trade it has no equal.

Calculate if you can the number of lives that have been saved and the amount of suffering alleviated by placing, through the telephone, the patient in quick touch with the physicians. There was a time when a person became sick a messenger was hurried either on foot or horseback to hunt a physician, and many a time the spirit would take its flight before the physician could reach a sufferer. Not so now. The call is instantaneous, and very often remedies are suggested which meet the requirements without the necessity of a visit.

How many thousands of dollars are saved in Atlanta each year by the three sharp taps of the fire alarm system, indicating that a telephone alarm has been sent to the fire department and that the gallant chief and his brave men know exactly the location of the fire, and that no time will be lost in extinguishing it.

Possibly no one appreciates the telephone more than the housewife, who is enabled to do her shopping and a certain amount of her cooking without the necessity of leaving home should the weather be warm or inclement.

Public School Telephones.

The Kansas City board of education has made contract for telephone service in all the public schools. A switch board will be placed in the secretary's office and private lines run to all the school buildings. The service was decided upon by the board for the sake of convenience and for use in case of fire in any of the school buildings, or to give the alarm to teachers if a heavy storm was approaching. The city has had some lively experiences with cyclones and parents like to get their children home out of the way.

Attachment by the Telephone

Is a proceeding which is becoming common in legal practice. An instance is cited as late as August 23rd, when a New York deputy sheriff received an attachment against G. P. Altenburg & Co., brokers at Cincinnati, for \$2,200 in favor of Frank A. Rothier, of Cincinnati. The latter says he deposited \$2,200 with Altenburg to invest in stocks, and Altenburg agreed to return at any time upon demand any balance re-

This Handsome Oak Chiffonier

\$15.00
This Week ONLY \$9.75.



We still have a few more of those elegant Corduroy and Velour Couches at.....\$6.75

Our Leather Couches are superior to any in the city; ranging in price from...\$10 to \$65

This \$2.50 Oak Cobbler Seat Rocker, \$1.99



Don't fail to inspect our line of Fancy Rockers. All new, choice goods.

This Handsome 3-Piece Oak Bedroom Suit

This Week \$17.50.

This \$4.50 Wicker Rocker, This Week \$2.98

We are showing the newest things in Parlor Suits and Odd Pieces.

This Elegant Screen

This Week, \$1.50

This \$4.50 Wicker Rocker, This Week \$2.98

We are showing the newest things in Parlor Suits and Odd Pieces.

This Handsome 3-Piece Oak Bedroom Suit

This Week \$17.50.

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This Week \$17.50.

This \$4.50 Wicker Rocker, This Week \$2.98

We are showing the newest things in Parlor Suits and Odd Pieces.

1867 M. Rich & Bro's FALL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF
New Furniture in Exclusive Styles and Patterns
AT LOWEST PRICES
Carloads of Choice, Artistic, High-Grade Furniture ARRIVING EVERY DAY

This \$2.50 Oak Cobbler Seat Rocker, \$1.99



This \$4.50 Wicker Rocker, This Week \$2.98

We are showing the newest things in Parlor Suits and Odd Pieces.

This Handsome 3-Piece Oak Bedroom Suit

This Week \$17.50.

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This Week \$17.50.

This \$4.50 Wicker Rocker, This Week \$2.98

We are showing the newest things in Parlor Suits and Odd Pieces.

THIS
\$13.50
SOLID OAK
Hat Rack
Offered
This Week
for
\$10.00.

Our 6-foot Oak Dining Table at \$3.75 has no equal anywhere.

We are showing the largest line of Sideboards and Buffets in the city. Before purchasing examine them.

Bric-a-Brac, Art Furniture, Lamps, Marble and French Bronze Stationery, Cut Glass, exquisite Ver-nis Martin Cabinets, Desks and Screens for Wedding, Anniversary and Holiday Presents.

A TREMENDOUS STOCK—in fact, too large. Prices will be made very low to reduce it.

The New Plaids; Silk Designs; and Wool Cheviots; and French Lace Effects.

Over 600 Rolls of China and Japanese Straw mattings now in our warerooms, bought before the advanced price.

SEE THE LINE AT 15¢ YARD, WORTH 20¢.
SEE THE LINE AT 20¢ YARD, WORTH 25¢.

Kindly write us for Samples, they will be cheerfully sent you on application.

We can sell you Mattings for LESS than the goods would cost now.

Over 600 Rolls of China and Japanese Straw mattings now in our warerooms, bought before the advanced price.

SEE THE LINE AT 15¢ YARD, WORTH 20¢.
SEE THE LINE AT 20¢ YARD, WORTH 25¢.

Keely Company

BEG to announce to the public the opening of their Advance Collection of

Paris Novelty Patterns!
Imported Tailor Suitings!
Scotch Heather Coverts!
Sponged French Broadcloths!
AND HIGH NOVELTY SILKS AND VELVETS!

Tomorrow, Monday, Sept. 20th, These Will Be Given
A First Glimpse Display!

To be appreciated they must be seen in their entirety, and the pleasure of first pick is the early comer's prize!

FOR GOWNS

French and German Novelty Suits in New Effects in Silk and Wool Brocade Mixtures; Epingle and Gilt and Silver Mixtures; Matelasse Designs on Silk and Wool; Curls and Fancy Outline Checks

FOR TAILORINGS

French Ladies' Cloths in all the New Shades; West of England Broadcloths in all Approved Colors; Scotch and English Cheviots; Illuminated Covert Cloths, and a variety of Silk and Wool Novelties

FOR SKIRTS

The New Wool Face Plaids; the Popular Mohair Basket Plaids; Silk and Wool Plaids; Poplin Reps in large Plaid Designs; Scarce Designs in Mohair and Wool Plaids in Lace Effects

Keely Company

WILL open tomorrow a magnificent selection of Autumn Silks, consisting of

Roman Stripes and Plaids!
Satin and Taffeta Combinations!
Natte Basket Weave Effects!
New Linsey Woolsey Patterns!
AND HIGH NOVELTY SUIT AND WAIST PATTERNS!

Tomorrow the Beauty of This Line Will Be Unveiled
In Our Silk Department!

Come and see them. The only way you can realize their gorgeous beauty is to see and handle them!

ROMAN PLAIDS

Roman Plaids, in all widths, from narrow to wide, also in combination of narrow and wide. They are the Season's Favorites, and their Distinctive Feature is their Many-Hued Color Treatment

ROMAN STRIPE

The beauty of a Roman Stripe is in the useful Color Combination, and ours represent the Acme of Taste in their selection. We have them in Fifteen Patterns and Twenty Combinations

DRESS SILKS

In the new Basket Brocades; in Changeable Soft Peau de Soie; in Satin and Taffeta Combinations, and High-Grade Plain Taffetas; Glace and Brocade Combinations, and best selections of Paris Novelties

Keely Company

ARE now engaged in the Greatest Sale of Linens and Housefurnishings in

Fine Irish Table Linens!
Choicest Napkins and Doilies!
Finest Imported Fancy Towels!
Novelty Cloth and Squares!
ALL THE BEST GRADES OF IRISH PRODUCTS!

Years ago we proved our Linen Supremacy in this market. We continue our Supremacy by Offering Best Goods at Old Prices!

TABLE LINENS

Gathered by our splendid Buying Organization before the advance, can be sold to you at Less Price than they can now be landed by the Importer. New Patterns, Generous Widths, Low Prices

FINE NAPKINS

At prices which usually obtain for common goods. We have secured from an Irish Importer, who brought over too many Napkins to match his Cloths, the entire residue of his Stock

HOUSEKEEPERS' LINENS

Secured early in anticipation of the advance. Including Hemstitched Sheets and Pillow Cases, Lunch Cloths, Tray Cloths, Bureau Scarfs and Hemstitched Napkins. All at anti-Tariff prices

Keely Company

BACK
TO THE OLD STAND

We are in our new store at the old stand with a full line of flour and breadstuffs. We are anxious for trade, and will make concessions in prices. We handle nothing but

THE CHOICEST GOODS,
and guarantee satisfaction.

Call, write or telephone us. Respectfully, etc.,

Camp Bros. & Co.,

29 and 31 W. Alabama St.

Telephone 470. Sept 19 cod 1m

ONLY \$3.75 TO NASHVILLE
AND RETURN.

Tickets on sale for trains leaving Atlanta 8:15 a.m. and 8:50 p.m., Monday, September 20. Pullman cars on both trains. Do not fail to get your health certificate. Office No. 1 Markham House Block.

J. T. DERRY'S
Classical and English School
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, 26 E. BAKER.

Academic Department in charge of Professor Derry
Primary Department in charge of Mrs. Derry.



ONLY \$3.75 TO NASHVILLE
AND RETURN.

Tickets on sale for trains leaving Atlanta 8:15 a.m. and 8:50 p.m., Monday, September 20. Pullman cars on both trains. Do not fail to get your health certificate. Office No. 1 Markham House Block.

FRENCH
TANSY
WAFERS

These are the genuine FRENCH TANSY WAFERS imported direct from Paris. They are reported upon securing relief from pain and cure of PAINFUL & IRREGULAR PERIODS regardless of cause. Importers and Agents for the United States, San Jose, Cal. Wadsworth & Edmondson, druggists, 15 Whitehall street, sole agents for Atlanta, Ga. June 3 at thus sat sun tues

WM. A. HAYGOOD
Attorney for South

KIRKWOOD,

Land Co., 11½ E. Alabama St. Phone 291.
\$1,100-4-room cottage, large lot.
\$1,150-5-room cottage, large lot.
\$1,200-6-room cottage, large lot.
\$2,500-7-room, two-story house, lot \$1,200.
\$3,000-9-room, two-story house, lot \$1,200.
Young couples, watch our next adv.

A Voice from Blowing Rock,
Green Park Hotel,
4,300 FEET.

An Elegant Hotel on the Top of the
BLUE RIDGE.
Refugees from fever districts are invited to this charming resort, weather in September, October and November
DELIGHTFUL.

Summer excursion rates to Blowing Rock direct, no charge for baggage, which is checked through to hotel. Come right on; rates reasonable.

GREEN PARK HOTEL COMPANY,
Green Park, N. C.

MISS ANNIE V. COFFEY has returned from

New York with a choice stock of fall millinery, and will be pleased to welcome her many friends and patrons. Room No. 4, second floor, Chamberlin & Johnson building.



Monday, Ladies' Day

At JACOBS'

MAKE purchases Monday and make sure of two things--your money's worth and your mind's worth; a combination of saving and satisfaction. Never in the history of the store have we had such money-savings as now. You'll be making by spending. The inducements we present here to your notice are but samples of innumerable savings in which this store abounds.

"IF YOU GET IT AT JACOBS' IT'S RIGHT."

Jacobs' Citron Cream Soap, 3 cakes for .25c	9c
Oriental Tooth Paste, .40c	4c
Woodbury's Facial Cream, .18c	18c
Jacobs' Essence Jamaica Ginger, 2 oz. .15c	15c
Jacobs' Essence Jamaica Ginger, 4 oz. .25c	25c
Fine extract Vanilla, contains nothing but vanilla, no toka beans or other cheap stuff, 2 ounces, .25c	25c
4 ounces, .40c	40c
8 ounces, .50c	50c
Fine Extract Lemon, made from selected fruit, with finest oil lemon, 3 oz. .25c	25c
8 ounces, .30c	30c
16 ounces, .50c	50c
Pickling Spices, mixed, 10 different kinds in one package, 4 ounces, .25c	25c
We have never had such a large trade on splices as this season. We sell nothing but the very purest and best selected splices.	
Olive Glycerine Soap, 3 large cakes, .10c	10c
Did you see the line of hand mirrors we are showing? It will do your eyes good to see such bargains.	
Ebony back, bevel edge hand mirror, .50c	50c
And so on up to50c
How's your flesh brush? About gone, eh. You can buy a good one for less than half the real value, 60c to50c
Totter Soaps--It's no use of talking, our line of soaps are unsurpassed in points of variety or price.	
Wrisley's Turkish Bath Soap, per doz., .40c	.40c
Colgate's Turkish Bath Soap, per doz., .50c	.50c
Pears' unscented soap,50c
Woodbury's Facial Soap,50c
Colgate's Violets, small,50c
Imported Tooth Brush,50c
Walk upright in life, wear Knickerbocker Shoulder Brace. They will hold you up. All sizes, \$1.25, \$1.50.	
Griffon Safety Razor,10c
Shaving made a pleasure. Complexion Brushes,50c
Jacobs' Mosquito Lotion keeps 'em off. 15c	15c
Cut glass Vinalgrettes with sterling silver tops, .50c to \$1.50.	
Mixed bird seed,50c
Tiger Paste kills water bugs, roaches and beetles,50c
Tiger Insect Powder, bulk, per pound, .40c	.40c
Powdered Borax, per pound,10c
Stearnes' Electric Paste,10c
Peterman's Roast Food,10c
Japanese Gold Paint,10c
Have you tried Stuart's Florida water? It's fine, 8 ounces,10c
Toilet Soaps--It's no use of talking, our line of soaps are unsurpassed in points of variety or price.	
Wrisley's Turkish Bath Soap, per doz., .40c	.40c
Colgate's Turkish Bath Soap, per doz., .50c	.50c

Transparent Glycerine, 10c, 3 for,

Roger & Gallet's Violets,

Roger & Gallet's Lettuce Soap,

Colgate's Sandalwood Soap,

Eastman's Virginia Violet Soap, 3 cakes, .50c

Baby's got a tooth, and your duty is to get it one of those pretty and serviceable teethings that we have imported for you, 10c to .50c

Stationery.

The line is so large and beautiful it is impossible to give you a "type picture."

Just come and see for your own satisfaction. We are sure you will side with us in our assertion that it's the most complete and decided the cheapest in town.

A Few "Fetchers."

I quote Irish Linen Note Paper with Envelopes,

1 quire Dresden Plate Note Paper with Envelopes, in 4 tints,

Red Lion Mills Note Paper, commercial and octavo sizes, ruled or plain, antique or satin finish, per pound, .10c

Lundberg's Violet Sachet,

Manicure Scissors,

Pocket Nail Clippers and File,

"GET EM' AT EITHER STORE."

JACOBS' PHARMACY.

688 MARIETTA ST. AND 23 WHITEHALL, COR. ALABAMA.

The Weather

The Trade

Is Intense

Is Intense

Seems that the Summer is just beginning instead of ending. The mercury rises higher than ever as the days shorten. If business was stagnant we would attribute the condition to the heat. However we have no complaint to chronicle or record. The volume of transactions is surprisingly great for September. That new department for Boys is booming splendidly. Parents appreciate its conveniences and economies and are coming in hosts. Activity there is supreme; not a suggestion of dullness or monotony. The best goods, the best styles and the lowest prices form a combination that competition can't overcome. We are not trying to monopolize the trade of the town. Just striving to realize our ideal Clothing Store. Are closer to it now than we ever dreamed we'd reach. Come here and study the details of a perfect organization.

Take Elevator for Boys' Clothing and Merchant Tailoring Departments.

EISEMAN BROS.

15-17 Whitehall Street.

OUR ONLY STORE IN ATLANTA, 15-17 WHITEHALL.

One Look

Is Enough

To satisfy the most ardent doubter. Visit the store, stroll through the spacious aisles. Eyesight will convince you that our stocks are the largest in town. Bring the question down to a personal interest. Do you want a Suit, Coat, Hat, Underwear, Shirts? Give the salesman a hint; he'll show you more and handsomer styles at lower prices than you'll find elsewhere. The Fall and Winter Clothing is brimming with richness and novelty and elegance. A variety of goods that charm buyers and makes competition bemoan and despair is now widespread for a first view.

We advise you to visit the store before Jack Frost crisps the city. More time now, more goods and bargains, too, than then.

M. R. EMMONS & CO.

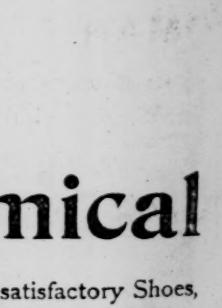
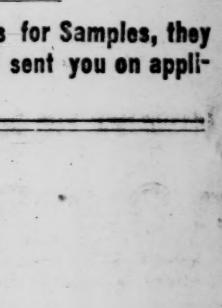
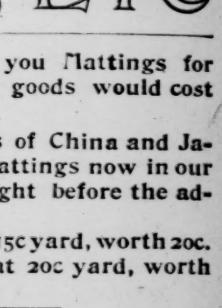
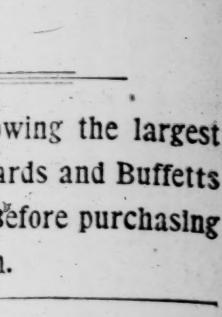
Formerly Eads-Neel Co.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE!

We have now on our floors an elegant array of HOUSEFURNISHINGS, the most of which have been placed there within the last few days. Being alive to the interests of our patrons, we bought these goods when the market was low; therefore we are enabled to offer them now at SURPRISINGLY LOW PRICES. It is worth a trip to OUR STORE to see our beautiful line of FURNITURE, even if you do not wish to buy now. Cash or time.

RHUDY & CO.,

3 and 5 North Broad Street.



The Constitution.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.
CLARK HOWELL Editor
W. A. HEMPHILL Business Manager



The Morning Constitution (with Sunday) per year \$6.00
The Morning Constitution (without Sunday) \$5.00
The Weekly Constitution, per year \$1.00
We do not undertake to return rejected MSS. and will do so unless accompanied by return postage.

Where to Find The Constitution.
The Constitution can be found on sale at the following places:
WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.
JACKSONVILLE—Stockton's, 208 W. Bay Street; Drew & Bro.
CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 162 Vine Street.
NEW YORK—Brooklyn, corner Broadway and 51st Street; Hotel Marlborough.
CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 217 Dearborn St.; Great Northern Hotel.
DENVER, COLO.—Hawkins & Kendricks.
HOUSTON, TEX.—Sister Bros.
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Van Noy Bros.
MACON, GA.—Subscription Department, W. D. Bankson, Manager, 157 Second St.; Phonex.
ATLANTA, GA.—J. Sam Vail, 23 Broad Street.

To Subscribers.
The Traveling Agent of The Constitution are Messrs. W. H. Overby and Charles H. Donnelly.

NICHOLS & HOLLIDAY, Constitution Building, sole Advertising Managers for all territory outside of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, GA., September 19, 1897.

As to Freight Rates.

There has been some discussion recently in regard to freight discriminations against Atlanta. The Constitution on Wednesday last printed two complaints of this character, both coming from manufacturers outside the city—one from Ohio and the other from Pennsylvania.

As an accompaniment to these outside

complaints we printed at the same time the oft-repeated suggestion of a prominent Atlanta merchant that one of the remedies for these freight discriminations, real and alleged, would be the establishment of a bureau of freight and transportation to be managed by a capable and energetic man who thoroughly understands the true inwardness of rail-

way rates.

On Thursday Mr. J. M. Culp, traffic

manager of the Southern railway, dis-

cussed in our columns the complaints

that had been printed the day before,

referring principally to the rates on

iron, and explaining that Atlanta was

fairly dealt with, considering the water

competition to Savannah. Augusta has

lower rates than Atlanta, but that (Mr. Culp explains) because Augusta "has

the river from Savannah, and if the

roads do not meet the river rates the

boats will do all the business." This

refers to the mud-scoops that ply, or

used to ply, between Augusta and Sa-

vanah. It is almost comic. It shows

the wonderful possibilities of the Chat-

ahoochee river for Atlanta.

But the tone of Mr. Culp's statement

was wholesome, hopeful and reassuring,

showing that the roads centering here

are not engaged in intentionally injur-

ing the interests of the city—and in

this matter intention becomes vitally

important.

On Friday we printed a full report of

the meeting of business men held for

the purpose of discussing the interests

of Atlanta to the end that some plan

might be formulated to boom the city's

trade. The meeting was representative

of Atlanta's mercantile and business in-

terests. The most interesting feature

of the meeting (apart from the an-

nouncement of the fact that Atlanta's

trade has been and is steadily in-

creasing) was the presence of Mr. J. B.

S. Thompson, assistant general superin-

tendent of the Southern railway.

Mr. Thompson was prevailed upon to

participate in the discussion of freight rates,

and he made some suggestions worth re-

membering by our whole business com-

munity. He called attention to the fact

that the roads centering here had never

failed to respond liberally when called

on to extend financial aid to enterprises

organized for the benefit of the city, and

he assured the meeting that the interests

of the city might continue to count on

the co-operation of the roads.

Mr. Thompson advised the business

men not to entertain the notion that

the roads are antagonistic to the city

and the city's commercial interests.

If there are abuses, or discriminations,

he said, let the complaints be put in

shape and laid before the roads in a

business-like way. He declared that if

they could be corrected the correction

would be promptly made, and if correc-

tion was impossible it would be because

of circumstances over which the roads

have no control.

Mr. Thompson's remarks represent

in the highest degree the spirit and pur-

pose of modern railway management,

which, instead of trying to squeeze the

last possible nickel out of each ship-

ment, strives to foster, encourage and

build up every industrial and business

venture within the road's radius, to the

end that the business of the road may

be increased in a natural and legitimate

way—thus recognizing the interdepen-

dent relations that exist between the

transportation companies and the busi-

ness interests of the country.

The Constitution is of the opinion

that all that is necessary for Atlanta to

secure rates calculated to increase her trade and build up her industries is for those interested to act together through some organization—the chamber of commerce or some other body whose suggestions, complaints or petitions will carry with them the weight of the whole business community.

We are convinced that the modern method of railway management will result in giving our people just and equitable rates under which all our interests will grow and flourish.

The Cornfield Pea.

Frost is not yet in sight, for the cockleburs are as green as grass, and some of them are in an immature state. The pods (if they may be called so) will get brown and ripe before frost falls. In the mean time there are some very substantial symptoms of frost. For instance, the morning glories that have been running riot over the aftermath in the hay patch, are now in bloom till after 10 o'clock in the morning, and they make a radiantly beautiful spectacle which the humblest may enjoy.

But the most substantial symptom is to be found between the corn-rows where the cornfield pea is growing. The pods, or pease, as the old Elizabethans were fond of calling them, are turning yellow and beginning to shrivel a little. This is a sign, not only of the progress of autumn, but of the ripening of a very fine article of food. In its present state the cornfield pea is a dainty fit for a table of a king.

It is at all times a popular food with those whose taste has not been vitiated by the dry and odorless style of northern cooking, but, just now, when the pods still have a tinge of green in their yellow, it is a delicacy highly esteemed by all people of taste. In this state the peas are not dry, but juicy and sweet, and yield gracefully to the soothng and simmering influence of the dinner-pot.

They should be boiled with a piece of smoked middling, not the sticky pork that comes from the west—though rather than miss the peas, we'd accept the western meat—and the cooking should proceed until one of the largest peas may be rubbed to the thinness of writing paper between the thumb and forefinger.

They should be served as the taste dictates—plenty of salt, a sprinkling of red pepper with a dash of vinegar—and they should be eaten with cornbread, though this is not necessary, for the cornfield pea is both bread and meat.

In the coast region and elsewhere the peas are mixed with rice after coming to table, and called "hopping-John." Hopping-John is all very well for those who like it, but, as good wine needs no bush, so the cornfield pea needs no addition to its fine, delicate flavor.

We are told that thousands of bushels of these peas are shipped into Georgia from the states to the north of us. If this be true, our farmers deserve to be blamed for their lack of energy. The cornfield pea needs no cultivation whatever, it will grow.

They may be plowed under in the green state to enrich the land, though that is really a waste of the raw material, or they may be cut for forage when the pea is in the "milk stage," or the pods are almost ripe. They may be left to fatten five hogs to the acre and keep them in that condition till hog-killing time. We trust our farmers will devote more attention to this remarkable annual. It is a better fertilizer than clover, a more nutritious forage than timothy, and a better food for hungry people than can be bought in the stores.

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And you may call it by what name you please, cornfield pea, cowpea, whipper-will pea, or anything else. It is always on hand if you give it a chance. Boiled without meat, and fed to the milk cows, it is the greatest butter maker known to dairymen.

And if you don't believe all this, or

haven't the first chance we get,

Establishing the Law.

The action of Governor Atkinson in establishing the supremacy of the law in the matter of misdemeanor convicts, which was urged on and aided by The Constitution, seems to cause uneasiness in certain quarters.

There is the Eatonton Messenger, for instance, which is affected with a great deal of suspicion. The editor seems to be greatly grieved because there are coming to him those "niggers in the woodpile"—in other words, that there is a "nigger in the wood tub," or, to be yet more explicit, that a good deal of grinding of axes is going on. Let us look at the facts. The existing prison-misdemeanor camps in Georgia are in violation of the law, but that violation has been going on some twelve or fifteen years.

If it will afford any relief to The Messenger, The Constitution can enlighten it right now as to the existence of the "nigger in the woodpile." It is true that there was a "nigger in the woodpile" and that he was held there contrary to the law of the land, and that lawlessness is something which must be suppressed. The fact that for ten or fifteen years the law of the state had been continuously violated affords no justification for such violation.

The duty has rested upon every judge upon every solicitor to see that the law is enforced, and if it happened to be true that Governor Atkinson was the first to vigorously take hold of this matter it would be credit to him and his ministry.

But the matter is interesting enough to bear further reference. The fact is that there are abuses, or discriminations, in the law which are causing considerable trouble.

The Constitution is of the opinion that the criminal would have been hanged anyhow, and that the lynching was but a technical mistake. The time has arrived in Georgia when the law must be enforced and when officers who assume

that all that is necessary for Atlanta to

satisfy which rests upon their shoulders.

On a different line does The Macon Citizen approach the same question. It will be remembered that Colonel Green, the editor of The Citizen and solicitor of the county court, at first attacked the policy of Governor Atkinson in disturbing the existing contracts, but now that full developments are before him and that he has all the facts upon which to base an opinion, he advocates in strong words the support of the administration in these words:

Now that the reclaiming of the misdemeanor convicts has been virtually accomplished, let us hope that their strict execution will be as strict as was the original effect, and that all will be well that ends well. Let us hope that the recent agitation is not an ill wind which blows no good to anyone, but that it may redound to the good of its promoters and the state.

The emphasizing of the divine Master, "If this be not my will, let it be done," is the best way to meet the situation.

Editor Merrick, of Washington, will no doubt observe with regret that Mr. Bryan is to make a speech at the Nashville exposition on the 8th of October, that being Nebraska day.

What more evidence do our people

want to prove to them that the republican party in the south is now and always will be a negro party?

Mr. Hanna has not appointed a negro postmaster in any northern or western state where the colored voters hold the balance of power.

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Mr. Gorman has returned to sit up with the Baltimore Sun.

Did Editor Godkin ever reflect that Secretary Gage signed the petition which caused Governor Altgeld to pardon the so-called anarchists? These things are worth remembering.

The cheerful whistle of the plumber will soon be heard in the bathroom and under the house.

It is thought that Mr. Lowe's chances

are not as bright as they would have been but for the cooling influence of the mugwumps.

ATLANTA'S OPEN GATES.

Macon County Citizen: Atlanta is getting a good deal of advertising out of her welcome to yellow fever refugees, but she is paying dearly for it in the loss of trade occasioned by the quarantine which several neighboring cities have declared against her.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun: Atlanta and Dawson City have not yet quarantined.

Savannah Morning News: Although the health authorities of Atlanta are satisfied that there is not the remotest possibility of yellow fever gaining a foothold in that city, they do not propose to take too many chances. Therefore they have modified their first announcement in respect to the reception of yellow fever refugees to the extent that only those refugees who have not been exposed to the disease will be admitted within the city's limits. The modification of the original announcement does not satisfy Chattanooga, however, and the latter city has quarantined against Atlanta. If the experts say is correct, viz., that a yellow fever germ cannot become active in a temperature as high as 70 or 80 degrees Fahrheit maintained continuously

A SKETCHES OF
NEWS AND COMMENT

great revival of the tobacco
of laurens want to be made
in a new judicial circuit.

E. Russell, of Bainbridge,
has been bad for some time
and demand for more residences
People doing business in
houses cannot find homes for

Blanken, for some time cap-
taine of the Tifton Gazette, has
been moved to the Irwin County
to be moved to Ocilla.

My morning last Mr. and Mrs.
left Dalton for New York.
I spend the winter months
devoting himself to literary

life in both the Flint rivers renders
both tedious and hazardous
little or no regularity of
the observed.

municipal election Monday

selection of A. J. Dixon, as

A. Bunch, T. R. Hammond,

and P. R. Addison, as

the most opposite

general Atlanta has
open ports to the refugees
infected districts, which has
of the cities to quarantine
the city.

conomists: Mr. Barrett, the
Miller at Mr. T. S. John-
son's a nice package of flour
in which our flour that is
not to be sent out.

can shut your eyes while
judge that it is home-made
wheat and tastes so much
flour shipped here.

Hamilton, H. J. Head and
contests to get up a
contesting a farm in
county. Their plan is
to cultivate a prize acre
to be planted when the
wheat, and to be fertilized and
the plow. The contestants
on the basis to take all
in by contestants on the
his reward.

new Reporter says that the
Green, the venerable moth-
er and Mrs. Atwrey, will
ensure that on Wednesday
celebrate her ninetieth
an excellent health for
and her friends in
doubtless join in
to this excellent
she may be spared many
of cheerfulness in old

Herald is noting the dis-
private convict camps
number of the camps have
been taken as the result of
most terrible General
ably presented by the
led by The Atlanta
it now seems probable
will be kept up until
camps in which convicts
not be left when the
it.

The press of the state
comes to conducting the
system of Georgia. This
is more of a disonor than
we have ever had, as it is
usually something by law
not to be done, but may
for the welfare of the
be leased out. The
take hold of this question
and while it is a most
must be solved and that

The projected extension
Southern railroad from
as, as explained at the
Tuesday night by Pres-
should meet with
ment among the people
of it will be built from
only nominal, as it is
this would not build a mile

The contribution is re-
give the people here a
closely identified with
to secure for the road
to the south.

I was just trying to sell a few matches,"
spoke the lad.

"Don't you know you can't sell anything
without a license?" said the captain.

The lad shook his head and replied, as
tears welled up in his eyes:

"My mother told me to sell them and
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And the boy left the police barracks.

The lad's name is Harry Levine and he
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and did not receive enough money to get
the coveted schoolbooks, but, perhaps,
there are some good people in Atlanta
who will help him when they read this
story.

TWO YOUNG WHITE MEN IN JAIL

Woman and Her Daughter Frightened
from Home by The Winder.

Winder, Ga., September 18.—(Special)—
Two young white men, giving their names
as Spencer Hutchins and Albert Ruffin,
were landed in jail this evening at 10 o'clock
by the police of Winder. The former seems
to be twenty-three or twenty-four and the
latter eighteen years of age.

Hutchins is to be from Newton county,
and a nephew of Captain Hutchins, of
the Athens branch of the Georgia railroad.
Ruffin says his father is yardmaster
at Birmingham, Ala.

About 8 o'clock tonight two tramps entered
the house of Mark Patterson, just above
the depot of the Seaboard Air-Line railway
and frightened the wife and daughter very
badly. They ran screaming to the home of
Mr. Nowell, near Ruffin.

The men followed some distance and then
returned to the railway and secret themselves
under the water tank, where they
were found by a posse of citizens who
had come to assist in their capture.

They will be tried Monday morning.

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On Star.

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THE WEATHER.

At 8 o'clock last night the center of
lowest pressure was over eastern Michigan,
with another lesser area of low pressure
over the mouth of the Mississippi river.

Clear weather generally prevailed except
in southern Louisiana, Alabama, northern
Florida, Georgia and in the vicinity of
Lake Erie, where it was cloudy.

Light rains were scattered over Savannah, in the
and Macon, and rain was still fall-
ing at those points at time of observation.

The temperature has increased all over
the country, the greatest rise being that
portion of the country west of the Missis-
sippi.

Local Report for Yesterday.

Daily mean temperature, 75
Daily normal temperature, 72
Highest temperature, 84
Lowest temperature, 68
Total rainfall during 12 hours, 00
Deficiency of precipitation since Jan. 1, 8.45

General Weather Report.

Daily report of the weather at selected
stations shown by observations taken at
1 p.m. September 18, 1897.

STATIONS.

STATIONS.	Temp. at 7 a.m.	Highst. 12 hrs.	Lowst. 12 hrs.	Precipitation.
New York, clear.	62	68	.00	
Atlanta, clear.	84	72	.00	
Charlotte, clear.	71	78	.00	
Baltimore, clear.	73	80	.00	
Washington, clear.	70	74	.00	
Charleston, cloudy.	75	80	.00	
Augusta, cloudy.	63	70	.00	
Mobile, clear.	76	83	.20	
Jacksonville, rain.	74	84	.34	
Atlanta, cloudy.	84	90	.00	
Pensacola, pt. cloudy.	80	88	.00	
Tampa, clear.	74	90	.08	
Vicksburg, clear.	78	86	.00	
New Orleans, cloudy.	80	84	.00	
Pelham, cloudy.	78	84	.00	
Galveston, clear.	80	88	.00	
St. Louis, clear.	76	80	.00	
Kansas City, clear.	78	84	.00	
Omaha, clear.	74	84	.00	
Buffalo, pt. cloudy.	66	76	.00	
Detroit, cloudy.	64	70	.00	
Chicago, clear.	72	76	.00	
St. Louis, cloudy.	78	89	.00	
Chattanooga, clear.	78	86	.00	
Knoxville, clear.	72	78	.00	
Charleston, cloudy.	70	76	.00	
St. Paul, pt. cloudy.	64	72	.00	
St. Louis, clear.	76	80	.00	
Kansas City, clear.	78	84	.00	
Omaha, clear.	76	84	.00	
Rapid City, clear.	76	78	.00	
Seattle, cloudy.	74	84	.00	
Albion, pt. cloudy.	73	76	.00	

Note: T indicates trace of rainfall.

J. B. MARBURG,
Local Forecast Official.

FORECAST FOR TODAY.

Virginia—Fair; warmer; south to south-
west winds.

North Carolina—Generally fair; variable
winds.

South Carolina and Georgia—Threaten-
ing over with showers on the coast;
Alabama and Mississippi—Generally fair;
variable winds.

TO BUY HIS SCHOOL BOOKS

**WHY A LITTLE BOY WAS PED-
DLING MATCHES ON STREET.**

It Was Against the Law, but Captain
Thompson Told Him To Go on
Selling.

The police officer found him peddling
matches on the street last night and he
had secured no license from the great
authorities to carry on such business.

He was a young boy about ten
years of age, and he spoke with a foreign
accent. Captain Thompson took him to
his side and asked him what he was selling.

"I was just trying to sell a few matches,"
spoke the lad.

"Don't you know you can't sell anything
without a license?" said the captain.

The lad shook his head and replied, as
tears welled up in his eyes:

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stein

TO HIS

HIBIT

SHEDDEN IS BACK
FROM NATIONAL MEET

Delegate of the Underwriters Association Comes from Milwaukee.

AN ATLANTA MAN PRESIDENT

L. H. Bowles Elected to the Highest Place in the Organization.

HOW HE WAS BROUGHT TO THE FRONT

At the Time When He Went in Insurance Business Here He Was in the Patent Business.

Mr. R. F. Shedd, general agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has returned from the annual session of the National Life Underwriters Association held in Milwaukee during the past week.

The association was in convention for three days and during that time important work was accomplished in the insurance field. As the only delegate from Georgia, Mr. Shedd steered everything for the association of this state and looked after all affairs of local interest that came up.

The session adjourned Friday night, when all the delegates scattered to their different homes.

There was no question of very vital import to come before the association this year," said Mr. Shedd. "The session was of great interest and was generally entertained but no great question came up for decision."

For the vice presidency from this state Mr. Shedd nominated Mr. Clarence Angier, and he was re-elected to that office.

In the election of officers, T. H. Bowles, an old Atlanta man, was named for president of the national association. This is an important office and a high honor to one of the most successful insurance men in this country. Mr. Bowles began the insurance business in this city. Before leaving here he had attained distinction in this field but he began in an inferior position and when he decided to take up insurance he was looking after the patent of a device for rotary advertising. Following is a sketch of Mr. Bowles which appeared in *The Underwriter*, one of the leading insurance magazines of the country. In view of the high office he now holds and the tribute paid him, it will be of special interest to all Atlantians.

A striking illustration of these facts is found in Thomas Henry Bowles, general agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who, rapidly rising in prominence and influence in the business of life underwriting in the south and who later carried his business tact and integrity to the field of Wisconsin and northern Michigan.

"Descended from an old family who were among the early settlers of New England and Virginia, his branch having settled in the Old Dominion State, Mr. Bowles was born in Fluvanna County, October 15, 1854.

At a very early age the boy was early thrown upon his own resources and, with a determined, an active, restless mind, great determination of character, a strong constitution and a high sense of personal honor, he had attained distinction in this field but he began in an inferior position and when he decided to take up insurance he was looking after the patent of a device for rotary advertising. Following is a sketch of Mr. Bowles which appeared in *The Underwriter*, one of the leading insurance magazines of the country. In view of the high office he now holds and the tribute paid him, it will be of special interest to all Atlantians.

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WAS HELD AT BAY

He Was Shut Out from His Home by Quarantine.

HE HAD BEEN TO MOBILE

Stopped in Atlanta and Left for His Old Home in Danville.

WILL MARCH ON TO ATLANTA

Next Year He Proposes To Bring Over 7,000 Confederate Veterans to This City.

WILL NEW LEAGUE
BE FORMED NOW?

Fight for Freight Rates To Be Made At Once.

NO FIXED PLAN, SAYS NEAL

The President of the Chamber of Commerce Believes That Body Can Act.

HE WANTS NEW LIFE INJECTED

Others Say That a Business League Should Be Formed—The Committee To Meet Monday.

M'GRUDER'S JURY
COULD NOT AGREE

After Being Out Several Hours the Jury Stood Ten to Two for Plaintiff.

MISTRIAL IS THEN DECLARED

Plaintiff Wanted \$10,000 Damages Against the Consolidated.

CASE IS NOW BECOMING CELEBRATED

At Its Former Trial McGruder Won a Verdict of \$9,500, Which the RoadAppealed.

RHODES, SNOOK and HAVERTY
FURNITURE COMPANY.

Never in the History of the Furniture Trade of Atlanta Have We Been Able to Show Such an Aggregation of

...Grand Rapids Furniture...

Brass and Metal Beds

In endless variety, with Fancy Dressers and Washstands to match. Library and Office Tables in Mahogany and Oak, beautifully carved and finished.

Couches in Leather,
Couches in Silk Tapestry,
Couches in Corduroy,
Couches in Velour,ONE WORD TO OUT-OF-TOWN
BUYERS.

We can save you big money if you will write us for catalogue and prices. Every article we sell is guaranteed or money refunded.

THIS WEEK ONLY.

A Genuine Pautasote Tufted Leather Couch

ONLY \$15.00.

We have had another busy week in our

CARPET DAPARTMENT

notwithstanding the heated term of September. The cause of this is our attractive stock of new Carpets, Rugs and Mattings, and the extremely reasonable prices at which we offer them.

It will repay you to examine our line of Art Squares and Art Carpets.

It will repay you to examine our Lace Curtains and Window Shadings.

It means a great saving of money to you to invest in our Mattings, Linoleums, Ingrains, Tapestries, Brussels and Axminster Carpets.

We are opening some new things this week. Buy now. Carpets are advancing, and by October 1st we shall be compelled to raise our prices.

GREAT EXHIBIT

of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Matting, Domestic and Oriental Rugs.

ON MONDAY MORNING

Our floors will present a picture seldom seen in the South and never excelled North or South.

Everything in the fine ornamental woods that the cabinet-maker can design or construct

SPECIAL AND GREAT
BARGAINS FOR MONDAY
...AND NEXT WEEK....\$20 18x40 Bevel Plate Glass
Cheval Seats, only.....\$15.006 Genuine Pautasote Tufted
Leather Couches.....\$15.00

\$8 Corduroy Couches.....\$5.00

\$3 Roman Chairs, Lalachite,
Mahogany and Oak.....\$1.9920 Folding Lounges, all colors,
.....\$6.99Just as long as stock holds out
these prices prevail.

ELEGANT

Mahogany Chamber Suits,

Birds'-Eye Maple Suits,

Circassian Walnut Suits,

Quartered Oak Suits,

Reception Room Suits,

Parlor Suits,

Library Suits.

Cherry Suits,

Hall Suits,

Hundreds of Odd Pieces

Of quaint and attractive designs.

Combination Cases, Book Cases,

Lawyers' Revolving Cases, Desks,

Hall Seats and Glasses, Folding Beds,

Fancy Chairs and Rockers,

Cabinets,

Ornamental Gilt Pieces,

Fancy Tables,

Screens, Tabourettes, Easels,

with about

ONE HUNDRED MANTELS,

MAJOR CULVER MADE GOOD THE SHORTAGE

Alabama's Commissioner of Agriculture Was in Arrears.

NOT CASH ENOUGH ON HAND

State Examiner Finds an Officer Behind in His Accounts.

DEFICIENCY IS PROMPTLY PAID

Books Show Many Irregularities and Wrong Entries as Well as Omissions.

Montgomery, Ala., September 18.—(Special)—A sensation was created at the state house on Friday morning by the statement that the state examiner's investigation of the books and accounts of the office of State Agricultural Commissioner Culver showed that official to be over \$5,000 behind with the state on September 12.

The commissioner has been in office for only one year and the report of his irregularities, agreeing such an amount, comes like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, as Major Culver has always stood very high in church, in state and in business circles.

The law requires the commissioner of agriculture to submit to the governor monthly an account of the department for the preceding month and an estimate of the expenses for the succeeding month, and with the approval of the governor, may retain from the money received a sum not exceeding the amount of expenses not including the salary of the commissioner. The traveling expenses of the various employees of the department may be paid out of the money so retained. The report shows that the commissioner obtained the \$500 for expenses for the months of October, November, and December, \$500 for November and \$500 for December of last year, and accounted for all excepting for that drawn in September; but that no estimate of expenses has been filed since the incoming of the present administration.

The books and reports show that the \$500 obtained in September last has been carried forward from month to month down to the present time. The monetary reports do not show that the expense accounts of the commissioner, his clerks or employees have been sworn to, as the statute requires.

On July, 1897, the commissioner drew from the treasury \$10,000, \$500 more than the law authorizes him to draw. This additional \$500 does not appear upon his books.

The examiner reports that in the examination of the accounts and vouchers in the office he finds quite a number of errors, alterations and irregularities. He mentions many of them, the following being among them:

Three dollars addition to expense account rendered by H. G. McCall.

Ten dollars addition to account rendered by W. C. Holt, bookkeeper.

Ten dollars addition to account rendered by Mangold, candy maker.

Ten dollars addition to account rendered by F. S. Persons.

Ten dollars addition to account rendered by H. L. Burton, Jr.

Five dollars and twenty-five cents in the matter of the expense account of J. O. Turner. The commissioner credited him self with the payment of this account twice.

One hundred and twenty-four dollars and ninety-five cents in the matter of the account of White, Woodruff & Fowler, bookkeepers. The firm's name appears at the bottom of this account, but upon investigation the examiner found it had not been paid, although it had been so returned by the commissioner.

Ten dollars added to bank hire account rendered by Professor Dugger at Abbeville.

Nine dollars and twenty-five cents added to another expense account rendered by Professor Dugger.

Eighty dollars and eightty-four cents errors in the accounts of Professors Earle and Carey. The errors in the accounts of Professors Dugger, Earle and Carey appeared in this way: They each gave a receipt for their expenses incurred and afterward rendered itemized statements covering the same amount, but the amount given by one and the other accounts were filed as vouchers by the clerk and if allowed the commissioner would receive double credit.

Twenty dollars error against the state in hotel bill and expenses of the commissioners to Nashville in July.

The account of Chemist Ross was twice filed in the expense account of the commissioners and twice credited to him.

Eighty-eight dollars and thirty cents in the matter of another account of White, Woodruff & Fowler. The firm's name had also been filed at the bottom of this statement and the commissioners had been credited with having paid it, whereas it had not been paid nor received by the firm.

Other errors of like character are developed in the examiner's report, the total amount of such irregularities and improper credits aggregating \$600.

This amount only two accounts in taking credits for bills not paid amounting to \$100, the amount of vouchers taken credit for twice aggregated \$100.

Six accounts were raised in each account \$10, aggregating \$60, and sundry small errors in addition and otherwise aggregate \$10.

The examiner reports many accounts

which have not been itemized, but simply the gross amount given.

The commissioner explains that the failure to make monthly reports since March and the number of errors appearing in his books were caused by the illness and death of his chief clerk, Donald Sessions, son-in-law to the commissioner, who died last month; the commissioner's only other clerk is Mr. R. M. Rutherford, Culver not being able to keep up all of the work. Major Culver explained to the examiner that he had been suspended by Mr. Sessions, but he insisted he was not in the business of the office and would have everything up to date soon as his health was restored.

The examiner includes in his report an exhibit giving a detailed monthly statement how the commissioners stood with the department at the end of each month, as shown by the commissioner's books, and a statement in the aggregate of all the books showing the debts and credits allowed.

The recapitulation shows that on September 12th the commissioners had due the state the sum of \$5,000. This amount includes the \$500 drawn from the treasury in September, 1896, and carried forward to the amount exceeding the amount of \$500 excess drawn from the treasury last July. Against this amount the commissioners stood with the treasurer the sum of \$5,000 on September 12th, 1897, \$500 less, making in all the sum of \$5,000, which when properly certified by the auditor adds to the amount of the report of the examination of the office the following:

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Calhoun, Ga., September 18.—(Special)—The great pearl excitement which recently occurred in Arkansas has appeared in upper Georgia. Not long since Jack Bennett, a farmer who lives about twelve miles above Rome, on the Oostanaula river, read

in the paper that the hooks were getting behind and that it would be best to employ some men to pull them up, but that some insisted he must go to the market with the business of the office and would have everything up to date soon as his health was restored.

The examiner includes in his report an exhibit giving a detailed monthly statement how the commissioners stood with the department at the end of each month, as shown by the commissioner's books, and a statement in the aggregate of all the books showing the debts and credits allowed.

The recapitulation shows that on September 12th the commissioners had due the state the sum of \$5,000. This amount includes the \$500 drawn from the treasury in September, 1896, and carried forward to the amount exceeding the amount of \$500 excess drawn from the treasury last July. Against this amount the commissioners stood with the treasurer the sum of \$5,000 on September 12th, 1897, \$500 less, making in all the sum of \$5,000,

